

The Innis Herald

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Innis College - U of T

Jan. 1987

"I'm
completely
degraded
in this
issue"

-- Ellen Ladowsky



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"If you write as good as you talk, nobody reads you."
—Lou Reed, *Take No Prisoners*

Hard Cheese

It is January. Late January actually, and SAC elections are fast upon us. It takes a special kind of man or woman to be the president of SAC. However a review of recent SAC presidents reveals that the qualities necessary for this leader are not what one might expect. The conclusion is that a SAC President can, to a large degree, be manufactured.

Let us look back three years, for that is as far as memory serves. The SAC President in 1984-85 was Well let's just call him Peter Brady. (Because Peter, of *The Brady Bunch* fame, was hopelessly non-descript, because the SAC President looked like him, and because we can't remember his real name).

Peter Brady kept a low profile during his term. Following SAC he was promoted to the job of waiter at *The Mug*. Brady's low profile was likely the main cause of the hotly contested 85-86 campaign which was to see a new look put on SAC, the manufactured look.

There were three main candidates in this campaign. John Canning, who regardless of what his actual ideas or political leanings, elected to go for the rabid fascist image, yielding him a love/hate rapport with the electorate. Linda Quirk, an eminently competent individual, had the deck stacked against her from the start. She was connected with SAC already (at a time when people were down on SAC) and her ticket had funny names on it ("Vote Quirk, Boghosian, and Borsutesky" those spellings are likely incorrect but you get the general idea). Enter Scott Burk. Burk manufactured a pseudo-good ol' boy image for himself. Imagine a blond Reagan or a Genie cream ale in a light blue suit. It wasn't that you necessarily liked what he said or were even sure that he had said anything at all, but you did like the way he said it and he often managed to create the illusion that he was listening to your response. Burk won. He was the closest thing to a perfect SAC candidate that year. Recent reports indicate that Burk is now a repo man, and he still has his light blue suit.

Last year there was no election, Iggy Pitt appeared to be the perfect SAC candidate. No one ran against him because they knew they would lose. Why? Not because of Iggy's vast political experience. Not because of Iggy's wealth of innovative ideas. Not because he had

the prowess as a public speaker to deliver these ideas to the people. It was because of his prowess on the dance floor and his Grace Jones Haircut. (We suspect that his clever modulation of hairstyles is what has kept him ahead of George Connell in the recognition poles. Time to go punk George.)

People knew Iggy's face, he had a reputation as a fun guy; people liked Iggy. And that exclusive of anything else is what is necessary to win an election.

Which brings us to the present.

I received a call from *The Varsity* a short time ago. The reporter wanted information on Ellen Ladowsky. It seems our Ellen is considering running for SAC President and they wanted some information (read dirt) on her, they asked me of her political experience, what I thought of her leadership qualities, etc. I really don't know why they bothered.

The average Voter is totally uninformed. The article good or bad is the best thing Ellen could have. Not because of the text, but because of the 5 by 5 picture that went with it.

Incidentally it takes at least \$1000 to wage a winning campaign. Some complain that this rules out the "poor student", but then again their wardrobe is probably way out of style, so they're ruled out automatically.

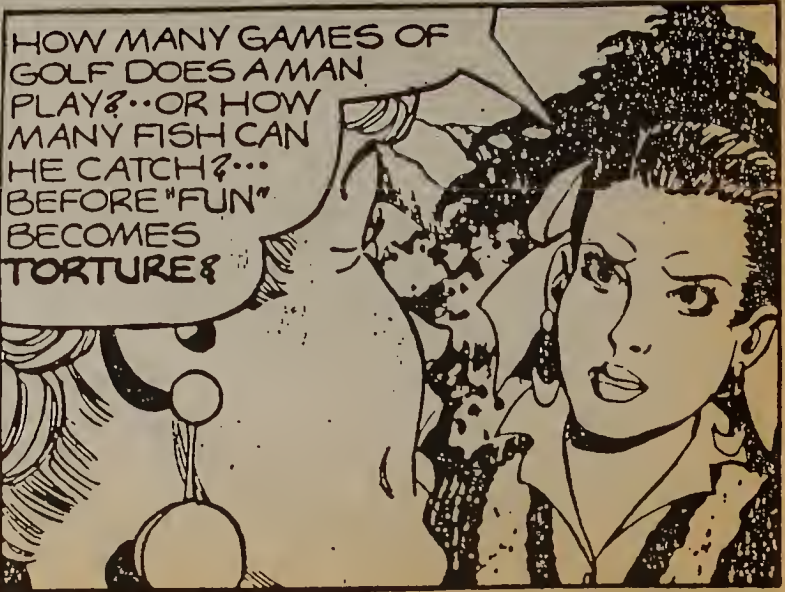
When the campaign reaches its peak Ladowsky's views (among others) on this or that issue will be splashed across page five for all to see. Good idea, let the voters see what they're getting. Problems: most people won't make it to page five; most of those that do, won't read it; most of those that read it, won't understand it. The article will be read and understood by the so called "campus politicos". Unfortunately these will also be the people who are running the campaigns, and likely the ones who supplied the information to *The Varsity* in the first place.

My views on this issue are obviously somewhat cynical. This is not to say that there are no more pertinent qualifications needed to be SAC President. Rather that these qualifications are largely irrelevant when trying to get elected SAC President.

The best advice I can give to Ellen, is to get a sharp quaf and put on your dancing shoes.

— A.W.

HOW MANY GAMES OF GOLF DOES A MAN PLAY?..OR HOW MANY FISH CAN HE CATCH?.. BEFORE "FUN" BECOMES TORTURE?



Letters

Down With Art

Dear Editor,

I write to express my disappointment at the editorial "Nice Ass" in the Nov. '86 Innis Herald. Since similarly hysterical editorials appeared in almost every campus newspaper in response to the Women's Centre Collective's "media monitoring" letter, these criticisms apply as much to them as to you. I will not bring up the objections already raised by the WCC in their response to the newspaper's editorial—that media monitoring is common practice among special interest groups; that their criticism is offered constructively, not restrictively; that, lest we forget, their cause is good—and concentrate on the implications of your editorial.

A simple comparison of the words used in your editorial and the

language used in the WCC letter demonstrates the overreaction and distortion common to the campus paper reaction. You accuse the WCC of saying, "editorial freedom must be quashed," of "attempt[ing] to remove the freedom of the press," and of "censorship." The exact verbs used by the WCC are "monitoring," "giving public recognition," "inform," and "educate." Nowhere do they threaten to "confiscate journals." Nowhere is "censorship" implied—unless you wish to label urging staff to be aware of latent sexism in their writing as "censorship." Where you may be right about the WCC letter is in their critique of "freedom of the press."

"Freedom of the press" is a slogan which, like many such liberal rallying cries, is difficult to question. Certainly, state censorship and threats to ideological diversity are dangers to be fought. "Freedom" free of all ethical restraints, however, which the press now enjoys and seeks to maintain, carries with it attendant dangers. People Magazine, the National Inquirer, and the Toronto Sun are extreme cases in point; more insidious are the rise of commercialism in media; the domination of print and television monopolies; the political pressures demanding "misinformation" (e.g. the Libya controversy); the move to sensationalism and entertainment in place of ethics and truth; and finally, the defensiveness itself of the press to any questioning of this freedom.

Your editorial provides several good examples of where, in the face of questioning, overreaction leads you to throw your weight around. You say, "The Innis Herald has in the past condemned discrimination against women." In the next sentence, you state, "Despite the contents of this [WCC] letter, this will remain our policy." Do you

mean to say that if your reaction to this one letter from the U of T WCC were less "generous," you would not condemn discrimination against women? Later you say you are tempted to "sever all ties" with the WCC, and explicitly outline what removing your connection means: "This would include refusal to publish promotional material or to provide coverage of Women's Centre sponsored events." You threaten, in other words, to take away your media power of publicity. Such a blatant flexing of your media muscles indicates the degree to which journalism has moved away from an ethical concern with social justice to a self-serving concern with power.

The Innis Herald is hardly the worst offender in this incident. Hey, love the paper otherwise. Nonetheless, when the slogan "freedom of the press" appears without any thoughtful consideration of its implications and complexities as a justification to distort the interpretation of a letter to the editor, some criticism is necessary. And, though I recognize the attempt at irony in the title of the editorial ("Nice Ass"), it, in its unamusing way, demonstrates the malice always lurking underneath such dismissals of special interest groups' concerns with their media representation.

Yours,

Michael Zryd
Innis 876

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Please ensure that letters are typed (double spaced), signed (with telephone number) and free from sexist, racist, homophobic, agist, libellous or just plain dumb content; letters may be edited or rejected on these grounds or undue length. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

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Philosophy Editor Matt McGarvey
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Rock Video Editor Paul Della Penna

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Phil Marion
Eugene Ripper
Steven Straub
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Lesra Martin
Mike Friend
Cathy Lyall
Richard Morley
Andrew Epstein

Council Round-up

By Jim Shedden

Well so far another snoozy year. But, take note democrats, so far this year not one student has put themselves in the position of being expelled from council due to poor attendance (more next time????)

Principal

John Browne reported on the remarkable scholarship contributions secured last year: an additional \$8,500 from the Reed family for the T.A. Reed award; \$10,000 from the Stren family for a new award, *The J.J. Stren Scholarship*; and an astounding \$12,810 in general contributions from the period May 1, 1986 to July 31, 1986. This last figure compares with a \$14,895 grand total figure for the year preceding it.

The Principal congratulated various members of Council: David Cook for his new book (with Arthur Kroker) called *The Postmodern Scene: Hyperreality and Excremental Culture*; Roger Rendeau and Prof. Careless for their new Canadian history chart/map; and to Dennis Duffy for his (then) forthcoming book, *Sounding the Iceberg: An Essay on Canadian Historical Novels*.

President Connell will attend College council on March 3. Following that there will be a reception.

Finally, Governing Council has given new powers to college councils (i.e. over non-academic offenses) and John has asked Denis Duffy to chair a committee with one other member of staff and two students to determine how best to handle this new authority.

ICSS

Ellen congratulated the ICSS for

excellent student participation at Monte Carlo Night, there third place standing in the float parade, and for cleaning up in the Innis Trinity Biathlon.

ICAA

Sarah White (of Vlad House) won the ICAA scholarship. More ICAA stuff elsewhere in this issue.

Bursary And Awards

Lots of dough given out so far this year: \$8,940 to 24 students total. A total of \$17,000 is available. Moderator Linda Poulos also reported that Ms White won the ICAA scholarship.

House

No new table in Room 312. We're getting new furniture (and new rules) in the Cold Room (stay tuned). There are grumbings about the now locked Mr and Ms Shower but a change seems unlikely. Not much else but take a look at the new picnic tables on the upstairs deck. His Fuzziness put them together.

Academic Affairs

there are calendar amendments to all three of Cinema, Environmental and Urban Studies programmes. Details available in Room 131. The Environmental Studies Committee report and recommendations have been adopted.

Other Stuff

David King discussed Connell's "Institutional Renewal", Bart Testa thanked the film society for helping at the Brecht Conference, and Sylvia Ritz-Munroe was made an Honorary fellow.

That's all.

Alumni News

By Jim Shedden

Nola Crewe MA is now the chair of the Board of Education for Toronto... Christine Wilson, past ICSS President (83-84) and sister of a certain Herald editor, recently discovered a new comet. Wilson is a graduate student in astronomy at Cal. Tech. in Pasadena. Not only that, Johnny Carson mentioned this feat on *The Tonight Show*.

Lance Chomey, 23 year old placekicker for the Argos, won two Schenley award nominations and was given the Miller Lite award (the Argos' term for Most Valuable Player).

Finally *The Herald* has learned that Simon Cotter has moved out of his parents house. His current whereabouts are unknown.

Important Dates

January 30: Skating party at Nathan Phillips Square 7:30 pm, followed by drinks and desserts at the Movenpick restaurant at 9:00 pm

February 28: Innis Semi-Formal, honouring the class of '67. John Bayly and Robin Harris will speak at the occasion. Faculty Club 7:30 pm

April 5: Innis Alumni Brunch, 11:30 am. in the Pub. Continues until 1:00 pm

Ask Audrey Perry (rm 124, 978-4332) for more information regarding the above events.



Ladowsky/Pinnock back in to SAC Race

Dateline Toronto:

Ellen Ladowsky (Ladowsky, Ledowsky) ICSS President has declared her intentions to run for the Presidency of SAC.

The Innis Herald in exclusive interviews with various members of the Innis College community has unearthed some enlightening information on Ladowsky, the woman.

Matt McGarvey, ICSS V.P. Government perhaps summed it up best: "Sure I'd vote for Ellen. She's a nice piece of ass."

When asked whether this would

be a key element of her campaign, Ladowsky responded "I don't think it would be proper to reveal my platform at this time."

Ladowsky's running mate on the ticket is Craig Pinnock, Scarborough College SAC Rep. Many people had comments on Pinnock but again it was McGarvey who summed it up best: "Sure I'd vote for him. He's a nice piece of ass."

Clearly the Ladowsky/Pinnock ticket has set the tone for the '87 SAC race. It remains to be seen whether any tickets will emerge that can effectively combat the combined talents of this pair.

Vandalism Strikes Innis

Friday, December 5 1986. Vandals once again strike out at the Innis foliage in copy-cat crime.

At a party on Friday evening which was a combined event —being both the SAC Christmas party, and later the final Innis party of term— the largest indoor tree at Innis was severely damaged.

The tree located in the East Galleria was a 10 foot high tropical tree with two stalks. At sometime during the party one of the stalks was partially split. The damage was irreparable and the stalk had to be formally amputated.

It is suspected that the incident occurred after 1 am as pub manager Mike Friend stated that the tree was intact when he made his final rounds of the building at that time.

As no one could be proved solely responsible for the event SAC offered to match whatever funds the ICSS would offer to the college by way of compensation.

Other vandalism at the party included the plugging of toilets with empty beer cups. However the ICSS does not feel that further security is necessary at this time. "It was an isolated incident," said Head Bartender Jim Shedden, "We did not have problems of this sort at any other party this term or at the parties last year."

The question remains as to why Innis is being singled out for its foliage. Earlier in the Fall a number of potted plants were stolen from around the college on a weekend (this had no connection with a party), and in December 1985 a memorial tree (in honour of Doug Pimlott) was appropriated from the Innis Green as a Christmas tree by members of the Lamda Chi Fraternity.

First ICSS President To Be Guest At Innis Semi-Formal

By Jim Shedden

Innis College, the Innis College Student Society and the Innis College Alumni Association have decided to combine energies and revamp the traditional ICSS-run formal. An appropriate guest — John Bayly, the first ICSS President—has been chosen to be the speaker at the event.

John Bayly is currently a lawyer

in the Northwest Territories, specializing in aboriginal rights. While he was at Innis he was involved in a number of ways, most notably by being the first president of the ICSS, but also by being an editor of *The Innis Herald* and *On The Bias*, and early Innis literary magazine. John married Christine Milani, his co-worker on *The Herald* and *On The Bias*, in 1967. He was already interested in the Canadian North as a student, spending his first summer after graduation working at Rankin Inlet (west side of Hudson's Bay).

Also honoured at the dinner will be Robin Harris, Innis's first principal (and consequently the principal for the class of '67). Professor Harris is cross-appointed by both the English Department and the Faculty of Education. His original conception for Innis saw it embodying principles which would make U of T a better place, principles which allowed for "academic freedom, pluralism and centralized devolution". Insofar as Innis is concerned, Harris's vision has been successful enough to allow for council parity, liberal academic programmes (e.g. cinema and environmental studies). Professor Harris is currently a university historian.

The dinner will take place at the Faculty Club on Saturday, February 28. Following the speech there will be a dance. Tickets are available from the ICSS, and from Audrey Perry in Rm. 124



Down With Paul

Re: Paul Della Penna video reviews.

The last batch of video reviews by Paul Della Penna raise an important question: is Paul Della Penna the Devil? Paul's response to this question is obvious. We have seen from his comments on Corey Hart that he is, in fact, the Devil: "evil incarnate". But Paul is obviously lying here. Most people have seen Corey Hart, we know what he looks like. He doesn't have pointy ears or a tail. The worst he is a sub-demon. Devil? Ha!

But how many of us know what Paul Della Penna looks like. He has never been on television or, in a movie. Obviously, he is trying to keep himself well hidden.

In Addition one must also realize that 3 of the letters in his name are found in the word "Asmodeus". Coincidence? I think not. Paul is also famous for sending communist-propaganda laden postcards. Are these just innocent acts? Not likely.

What is one to conclude from this insurmountable evidence. All I ask is that we be careful. BEWARE HIM.

Concerned,
Charles Blattburg

P.S. He is also a clerk at Eaton's. Still any doubters out there?

Paul replies: Yep...guess the jig is up. What can I say, Charles, you're right, I am the devil. By the way, I should tell everyone how suprisingly cheap yuppie, careerist, young Liberals' souls are going for these days.

Down With Art II

Dear Editor,

The Women's Centre Collective is exasperated by the ignorant response to our newspaper monitoring program. We reply:

No, we are not 'Big Sister' attempting a female dictatorship at U of T, nor are we advocating that 'editorial freedom must be quashed'. We are, however endeavoring to encourage U of T newspapers to print articles of specific interest to women. Why would any newspaper want to include material that is specifically interesting to women, you ask? Quite simply because women are not equally represented in most campus papers, just as women's contributions are not equally represented in most courses on this campus.

When we begin to see equal representation of women on campus, which U of T media can help to spawn, then we will no longer need to monitor the Innis Herald and other campus papers. When sexual harassment (sic), rape, and incidents of sexist language are being covered by the media in an attempt to foster concern among both sexes and when equal numbers of men and women are lobbying for better daycare then we might allow "the Herald to do (their) best to ignore the position of the Women's Centre." It is precisely because women's concerns are so often ignored that the Women's Centre will be monitoring all campus papers and providing them with suggestions for improvement.

You threaten "refusal to publish promotional material or to provide coverage of Women's centre sponsored events", which would certainly come closer to censorship than anything the Women's Centre has proposed.

Yours sincerely,
The Women's Centre Collective

ICFS Program Remains Eccentric

By Jim Shedden

The Innis College Film Society probably had their best season ever in the first half of the 86-87 school year. Audience turn-out ranged from poor (a dozen people) to excellent (150 or so). Aesthetically, although I'm biased here, I would say that not one uninteresting film was shown, though we did manage to show some bad films (Rosa Von Prauhheim's *Red Love* being the obvious example).

Again the film society discovered that showing more offbeat, alternative material garners a better audience than the run-of-the-mill student retro type cinema. With the advent of pay-TV, videotape and the extraordinary success of repertory theatres (the Bloor, etc.), the film society just cannot compete. Consequently, with the exception of the *Taxi Driver/High Plains Drifter* (not especially popular at the rep houses actually) double bill, our best turn-outs were actually with films like Makavejev's *WR: Mysteries of the Organism* and the Godard/Robbe-Grillet double bill.

This term the line-up is just as eccentric. Early in January we showed the work of three of the US's most exciting experimental filmmakers — Hollis Frampton, Owen Land (formerly George Landau) and Paul Sharits. While one could say the obvious about these filmmakers — that they explore the materials of their medium and all that other modernist dogma — their films

are spiritual explorations — witness especially Frampton's *Gloria* and Land's *Thank You Jesus for the Eternal Present*.

The second week (Jan. 15) examined the changing role of the urban, Eastern outsider in the American Western. In the first feature, *The Man Who Shot Liberty Valence*, Jimmy Stewart plays what is now an archetype of the Hollywood Western: the good, naive, Eastern lawyer who comes to a poor, innocent Western town to practice law. Once there, he discovers that the town is being exploited by greedy capitalists from the outside area. Armed with a heart so pure (and a bit of help from John Wayne) Stewart saves the day, civilizes the town and everyone lives happily ever after. In the second film, the vastly underrated, beautifully composed *Heaven's Gate*, Kris Kristofferson is the Eastern lawyer. Same problem: the town is besieged by greedy capitalists. Kristofferson, however, is not quite as pure as Stewart and the town is not quite as lucky as it is in *The Man*...

No one lives happily ever after, death and destruction fill the town and Kristofferson sells out. The third week (Tuesday Jan. 20) we explored the role of the Canadian landscape in (mostly documentary) film. Using works as varied as Sandy (My American Cousin) Wilson's *Growing up in Paradise* and Michael Snow's *Central Region* (short excerpt) the Canadian

landscape was revealed to be as important to Canadian film as it is to Canadian painting.

The fourth week will feature a lecture by the prominent filmmaker/critic Bruce Elder, called "The Death of a Canadian Art Movement", a re-consideration of the general direction experimental filmmaking has taken in Canada, with special attention paid to the institutional framework.

Week five (Feb. 5) is a guest visit from Regina filmmaker Chris Gallagher who will screen and discuss his new work *Undivided Attention*. Gallagher's previous work has included extensive work on the optical printer, as well as minimal works which are similar to the films of Michael Snow.

Finally, just before reading week, the film society will screen the rarely shown *The Falls*, by Peter Greenaway, the eccentric filmmaker who packed Town Hall during the 20/20 events. *The Falls* is an elaborate work, a fake documentary about several dozen people whose names begin with the letter "falls" who were affected by the violent unknown event (VUE). One of the most interesting British films of all time.

So that's it 'til after reading week. Don't forget that we now serve coffee and donuts (most nights). See the schedule elsewhere for more information, or call me at 978-7463 or 978-7023.



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Government For And By The People

By Matt McGarvey

Notice To All Students

ICSS Student Affairs meetings will occur on the following dates:

Thurs, Feb. 5 '87 at 3:10 pm

Thurs, Feb. 26 '87 at 3:10 pm

later dates T.B.A.


All meetings take place in the cold room, in the back of the pub.

These meetings are the forum for deciding the policy of ICSS, and all Innis students are welcome to attend and all may vote at the meetings. Unlike other colleges, the executive of the ICSS does not exclusively determine policy. It is their responsibility to bring policy proposals before student affairs but the Innis students present are free to adopt conflicting policy as they see fit. Any decision of the executive may be supported or rejected by the students.

Many of you may not understand

what is meant by 'ICSS policy'. Some examples may help to clarify this. The ICSS runs the parties; if you don't like the way they are run — type of music, prices, general style — come to student affairs and propose changes. The ICSS runs athletics; if you want more money for uniforms, general equipment etc., or to introduce a new sport, you can try to change things at a student affairs meetings. These are only two examples of the many services the ICSS provides to you as students. Any or all of it can be changed at student affairs.

Exert your rights as an Innis student; change the atmosphere to suit your wants and needs. Spend your incidental fees the way you want them spent. Come out and vote at Student Affairs meetings. I as chair of the meetings, welcome dissent and creativity, and guarantee your right to be heard.



Morning Special:
Coffee With Muffin, Danish or Croissant
8:30 — noon \$1.00


Hot Entrees
Homemade Chunky Soups
Espresso & Cappuccino
Lasagna

Lic: LLBO 11am — 6 pm

Open 8:30 — 6

Sensational

INNIS PUB




Greg Sutton elects to change his vote

ICSS Nominations for the following positions will be open
Feb 23 1987

President
Treasurer
V.P. Government
V.P. Services
Social Commissioner
Communications Comm.



Men's Athletic Rep.
Women's Athletic Rep.
Co-ed Athletic Rep.
Farm Rep.
Education commissioner
Clubs Rep.

6 Seats on College Council
will also

Nomination forms in ICSS Office
Nominations close March 9 1987

Reviewing The ICSS: Looking For Criticism — Finding Complacency

By Jim Shadden

It appears that the faceless mass does not feel a part of Innis, it sees no way of becoming involved and being able to have any effective what in what is going on in their college. Why? Because Innis is effectively controlled by an elite.

— Clare Booker, Bob James, Innis Herald, 1969

While reading old *Innis Herald* I was struck by two initial impressions: that the ICSS executive has had a history of being preoccupied with getting a larger percentage of Innis students. That was, of course, only an initial impression. More reading and comparison (even between 1985-86 and 1986-87) revealed changing ICSS attitudes.

The ICSS receives \$28 a piece from about 1100 Innis College students; with only about 10% of its members participating (my estimate) it should be perpetually concerned with questions of elitism and participation. Nonetheless, what it considers greater participation and how to achieve that and how to avoid elitism have all changed significantly. This is due partly to changing attitudes among Innis students in general; a change in administrative structure and attitudes; and, I suppose, to the 80s in general.

This article began because, based on my own perception and grumblings from certain active Innis students, I detected some degree of malaise, perhaps boredom or frustration, with the way things were going with this year's ICSS. I interviewed a large cross section of Innis students, startled by what I found. Of the students interviewed, only three expressed any significant dissatisfaction with this year's student society. Most people had minor complaints but were generally satisfied with the order of things, paying some lip service to "greater participation" but realistically convinced that things were about as good as they were going to get.

"The last executive meeting was a disgrace. Fewer than 2/3 of the members were present and, except for a telephone call to obtain a proxy, it would have been impossible to conduct any business" — John Bayly, *Innis Herald*, December 14, 1966.

"All too often over the past years the ICSS has functioned only because of the personal sacrifice of a small number of students. Innis College will only achieve its full potential with the participation of a large number of students. I should like to see each student next year donate a minimum of two hours of their time to the running of the student society" — Joe Smith, ICSS President, 1974.

No, the second quote is not a joke; that is really how the ICSS sees its power only twelve years ago. This year's ICSS, while probably much more successful than any other year's is, on the whole, content with what is, at best a twenty per cent participation rate (probably closer to ten).

Ellen Ladowsky, ICSS President, for example, argues that the student society is "reaching a very large group" of students. The success of Initiation, especially the utilization of orientation leaders, has had the effect of "significantly increasing" the number of students involved at Innis.

Most of the executive agree with Ladowsky, though they don't necessarily attribute the success to the well-run Initiation. Vice President (Government), Matt McGarvey, admits that he isn't all that interested in the activities that the rest of the executive were referring to (parties, films, the Innis/Trinity biathlon etc), but was pretty sure that participation was, indeed, up from last year. Treasurer Mary Campbell credited the improvement to the executive's approachability; "people are much less hesitant to come talk to the ICSS insiders" this year. Women's Athletic Director Vicky Zeltnis didn't weigh the causes for improved participation, but did point to the fact that there are more sports teams and most of them sharing a stronger, consistent showing compared to last year.

Even those not on the executive this year credit the ICSS executive with increasing participation at the college. Andrew Liebmann, last year's T.A. Reed award winner, and former Farm Rep, credited the excellent new events (though there has only been the first year dinner and the Innis/Trinity biathlon to speak of, unless one discounts the forthcoming *Lolita*) with stimulating new interest in Innis. He did note, however, that this year's ICSS has not been as successful in getting students involved in a more general way: "people used to always come to college to hang out, to sit around and talk to people; now, they're only inclined to do so when there's a specific event on".

Social Rep, Cassie Rivers, was not so laudatory but, then again, still not critical. "We need more events; we need to reach out to more people; and we need more money", she said, but added that, "this year's ICSS has been pretty good, doing the best with very little".

Were there other critics? Not from any of the eleven first year students I interviewed (though many of them claimed ignorance, voluntary and otherwise). Not from Matt McGarvey (the executive's lone dissent, unless one counts the elusive Richard Morley), at least not on the question of participation.

In fact, only Ari Wilson, editor of *The Innis Herald* and last year's ICSS President would go on record as saying that maybe participation had not increased after all. "What activities are involving more people? Not the farm, talent night, the parties — and certainly not *The Innis Herald*". Wilson was even sceptical concerning the labour-intensive *Lolita* which he said was just another example of the ICSS sponsoring an event which just happens to take place in the college and uses some Innis students.

"Not that that's wrong", Wilson added. "It started getting a lot like that in my year with the active, but more-or-less autonomous stuff: the film society, SCAT1, hell, even the sports". Wilson worries that the ICSS itself, that body that is controlled by the executive in question, might become little more than a "party machine", funding other activities but only really putting their stamp on the tried-and-true (parties, the formal, orientation and so on).

The irony in Wilson's worry, of course, is that it is precisely that that Ladowsky (also) credits with improving student participation; "so there are no Innis devotees this year, big deal. There are a lot people participating on a smaller scale and I think that's probably better".

Wilson's other criticisms of the ICSS were more vague, having more to do with the unity of the executive itself and their interaction among one another. "Last year we had a lot more debating, issues weren't just rubber stamped, there was more sense of a need to do the invisible things that have no obvious benefit but are an important part of student government." Wilson has in mind here such things as the attention paid last year to the constitution, especially the considerable debate around the changes enacted and a number of other little things that, this year, seem to be rated second-priority to oiling the Innis Party Machine.

McGarvey was clearer in his criticism of the ICSS. He argues that, while the ICSS is there to be a party machine, it also serves another function, "leading people into adulthood, that is teaching them how to handle themselves responsibly by grappling with issues and learning how to deal with dissent". McGarvey is upset that moral issues are often trivialized by the ICSS. When such items as the future of the refugee student programme and funding of the Women's Centre were raised, McGarvey claimed that people treated the issues as a nuisance and were only anxious to leave the meetings.

"I worry about the democratic nature of the ICSS", McGarvey complains. An example comes to mind: "minority interests at the college are not respected. Remember how the Education Commissioners' concerns were dealt with at the budget meeting? Sure, his approach might not have been what members were used to, but they didn't handle dissent well at all. I get the impression that they all hoped he would just up and resign so they could run things 'efficiently'".

McGarvey's other concerns? Well, I asked him how he accounts for the poor meeting attendance (quorum crises have returned to the ICSS after a one year absence): he believes that those running the party-machine either attend the meetings or no one does. "The, 'I'll go if you will' attitude is killing the ICSS meetings. That kind of conformism was less prevalent last year." Part of the problem,



McGarvey maintains, is that the minorities involved at Innis (many of the athletes, SCAT1 people, film society patrons, wallflowers and so on) were early on turned off by the ICSS, not seeing it as an interesting, effective political body.

Mary Campbell goes some distance in agreeing with McGarvey, but puts the blame on the actual participants at the college; "no one wants to do the administrative work; they just want to see results".

But when you take away Wilson and McGarvey what kind of critique is left? Everyone admits that meetings are poorly attended. Most blame bad timetables but, when pushed, admit that the meetings are extremely dull. "Why would anyone want to attend an ICSS meeting?" is an almost unanimous concern of the executive and other Innis people. Last year's stellar turn-out at meetings is attributed to hot, debatable "issues", this year being an uncontroversial one. On the other hand, at a recent ICSS meeting, some made the suggestion that many people, especially first year's, just don't know they're allowed to attend. Nonetheless, none of the first year students I interviewed thought the meetings were closed events.

What else? In another show of unity, the executive members I interviewed all said that this year's ICSS suffers in comparison with last year's (at meetings and in general "being around" the college) because "everyone on the executive is carrying a full load" (of courses) (Ellen, Vicky, Cassie and Mary all said almost exactly this). Ellen Ladowsky admitted she "took on way too much this year" but added that this is, in no way, affecting the ICSS, only her personally. All in all, the "student is emphasized in 'student politician' this year" and added, again, that that is probably a good thing.

Mary Campbell complained that, like in previous years, everyone thinks there is an endless supply of money. Cassie Rivers complained that the ICSS shouldn't have to do "external stuff", that should be the domain of SAC, ASSU and other campus-wide groups; if the ICSS could spend less time and money on these activities they could devote more internally to making life better for students at Innis. Ladowsky wishes that the ICSS could help "take care of academic problems" and maybe "provide better knowledge of safety at the college". She added further comments that the role of SAC rep should be overhauled. "They don't necessarily represent the college — we should have constitutional rules, in conjunction with SAC, regulating their role".

What is one to conclude from this apparent college-wide satisfaction? Should the sceptical journalist just give in and congratulate the executive for a job well done?

Well, when one considers that I asked every single person (twenty five altogether) what they thought the purpose of the ICSS was and every single person replied (more-or-less) "to provide services to students to make them feel that there's more to university than going to classes", then I guess one would have to agree: the ICSS is doing a fine job, albeit to a small percentage of Innis students. Only three people suggested that the ICSS could have another primary role.

I must end this article with a confession. I started writing it hoping to unearth dissent, unrest, even irritation. But all I found was contentment. Maybe, boring, complacent contentment, but contentment nonetheless.



Random Thoughts

Travels In South America | Eat Death For Breakfast

By Derek Mossman

On a blustery winter's night of blowing snow I was returning from the main lodge toward my dorm, late. After a large dinner and the warmth of fire-side cognac the air felt crisp. I had only a short way to go. I folded up my collar to break the wind, pulled my hands up inside my sleeves and then broke into a jog to shorten the journey. I burst into the small hallway and stopped. On the floor between the two doors crouched a woman wrapped in bulky woollens, humming. She rocked forward and back on the cold tile with her head folded down — her forehead buried in wool. The flurry of cold that had swept around the door startled her. Her dirty face bolted upright. Terrified, her eyes sought an escape, but I was blocking the doorway, standing, confounded. She cowered into a ball of wool in the corner, shivering, afraid of me.

"Who are you?" I asked — stupidly, for I had been in Chile for two months. My Spanish was coming along well, but I was still thinking in English. I had spoken

over and against the wind. My loud words frightened her. When I moved in further to let the door close she flinched, protecting her head with her arms. She feared I was going to strike her. I folded my hands in front of me, crouched down against the outer wall and began again in Spanish, gently. She wanted to leave. She knew she should not have been there. I tried to convince her that I would bring her no harm. Her eyes searched my friendliness as I chose my words slowly.

I could not understand how she had come to be here. Portillo is nestled high amongst the tallest Andes near the border. It takes hours by vehicle to get here from Los Andes and even longer from the nearest town on the Argentine side. It would take days on foot. I gestured for her to move inside the second door next to the heater. She refused. She wanted to leave. I wanted to reassure her it was all right for her to stay inside out of the cold. I explained that I was a Canadian instructor working at the

resort and that I lived inside. That night my class had asked me to dinner upstairs — liquors followed, we closed the bar. Everyone was back, no one else would stumble in and find her. I urged her to stay. I felt she would if I left her so I retired only for my conscience to return to her a while later with the extra blanket from my room. I shut off the hall light, I could see her eyes through the darkness. —mid July August "Have you seen all the police about? There're soldiers all up and down the road. Something's up."

"The army's been combing the road. Customs found a peasant trying to cross into Argentina stowed away under a tarp on a flatbed yesterday. He'd frozen to death, chinked onto the pavement when the Carabelleros lifted the tarp at the Aduana to inspect the freight."

Derek Mossman U of T. Travels in South America, summer of '85.

I had found my extra blanket rolled up against the heater. The light had been turned back on.

By Matt McGarvey

Here's a happy thought — you are going to die. Yes you. I am going to die. Everyone, absolutely everyone you see today will at one time or another be dead. This is pretty startling if you think of it; try thinking about death next time you talk to someone.

Death is universal. Plants die, animals die, rocks crumble, stars explode, the fact of entropy kills us all, but we do not often think about death. It scares us. It scares me — it terrifies me. No other event in your life is so mysterious, so final, so unavoidable, but we avoid thinking about it.

I don't wish to speculate on what happens to one's thought processes after death or whether a 'soul' is preserved. These questions are important, but I wish here to talk of the affect death has on life.

At a very young age we first see death — a squashed bug, the first fish we catch. Immediately we notice a struggle to avoid death. This may lead us to believe that since the path to death is painful, death is also

something we will not enjoy. We associate death with pain, and we know pain is a bummer. Death is a bummer.

Another thing we find out is that dead things are not pleasant. Dead bodies are cold, smell bad, turn ugly colours, become rotten and infested, perhaps it is this we want to avoid most of all.

Some argue that death can be a pleasant experience. Proponents of euthanasia feel that a nice overdose of barbiturates beats a groaning, agonizing death from cancer or some other painful illness.

Others feel death should be 'dignified' — one shouldn't be seen a helpless, dying mess, but should 'go gracefully'. I tend to disagree for two reasons. First I suspect these people are afraid of unpleasant facts of human nature — an ill person is looked upon as a human with less dignity. I think an attitude of tolerance is more in order. We should learn to confront illnesses such as schizophrenia, AIDS, leprosy, and cancer head on, and realise they are human diseases, rather than dismissing them as undignified state of being. Think about that next time a mental patient sits next to you on the subway.

Secondly, I wonder what the hell is so 'dignified' about passing out in a stupor. This is an aesthetic question, but my view is that to go down fighting, or to make a spectacular show of one's death is much more courageous and dignified. I'll take Mishima or Hemingway or a soldier's death over respiratory collapse any day.

My reasons for this aesthetic stand probably stems from fear again — I fear death like an overdose or lethal injection because I can imagine dropping to the edge of consciousness and regretting my final decision. I'd rather be fully conscious, able to fight for my life to the last instant.

I don't live in dread of death. I don't pine hour upon hour, and live a demented life because of death. Death makes people like Howard Hughes and Michael Jackson behave like idiots — white sterile gloves, oxygen tents, etc. Death puts us all on equal terms, Howard and Michael are no better at avoiding it than anyone else. Rather than waste my life because of death, I want to live it. I take risks; I play sports, I have driven my motorcycle dangerously fast, I have been in a car at 135 m.p.h. on a public road just to "see what it could do". I have skied hills steeper than I ever thought I could attempt.

I have only come close to death a couple of times, but have risked injury many times, have risked arrest the odd time. I have stood up for things because of their importance given that we are mortal.

My life is a balance, a balance of avoiding death, and really living by coming near to it. I am afraid of death, but I am even more afraid of a wasted life. One can be avoided, the other cannot.

The Delicate Environment

By David Morris

Our planet harbors an extraordinary variety of different organisms. Many of these organisms are forced to live in intricate relationships with others because they share the same environment and resources. The study of an environment and the relationships between the organisms in that environment is known as ecology. Last year I had the opportunity to go and study the ecology of one of the most fascinating ecosystems that we know of: the coral reef. My trip to Jamaica also gave me some insights into the environmental effect of the most adaptable of all predators, man.

One of the most startling things about reef ecology is that the most important breakthroughs in the field were the result of a study commissioned by the United States' Atomic Energy Commission (AEC) in the 1940's. At first this relationship is confusing. What does a organization that apparently deals with deriving energy from atoms have to do with fish? Things become clearer when it is revealed that the name AEC is a euphemism, and that the AEC really deals with devices that blow things up. The AEC commissioned an ecological study of the Eniwetok Atoll, a ring of coral in the Pacific, so that they could understand the systems at work in the Atoll's ecosystem. This allowed them to understand what parts of it they wrecked after they dropped a bomb on it.

At present, it seems that man has stopped blowing up masses of chalk and populations of innocent fish. We have now turned to more insidious ways of destroying reef ecologies because of its fragility and the many links in the food chain. The coral polyp is at the bottom of the reef food chain. The polyp is an animal of the phylum Cnidaria that filters out small food particles from water flowing over the reef. The polyp also contains small endosymbiotic algae, zooxanthellae, that facilitate processes in the coral polyp's body. These algae contribute very greatly to the primary production on the reef, but because they depend on the coral polyps and vice versa, the coral polyp and zooxanthellae are considered as one organism.

In Jamaica, there is a large aluminum mining industry. Bauxite,

aluminum ore, is mined from the mountain sides and is processed in the coastal cities. The ore is crushed before chemical processing. Crushing the ore produces a fine red powder which inevitably is blown or dumped into the ocean. This powder, in suspension in the water, blocks light and kills the algae in the coral. If the dust settles in silt water then it forms deposits on the bottom and covers the coral in a layer of sediment the coral cannot remove. All coral have a mucousciliary system, which produces mucous and moves it over the polyp's body by movements of fine hairs (cilia). In normal circumstances this system traps food particles and brings them to the polyp's mouth. It also removes excess sediment that impedes the coral's and

zooxanthellae's normal function. The mucousciliary system, however, cannot deal with large amounts of red dust from the bauxite industry. A similar effect results from the dredging of harbours which causes sediment to be suspended in the water.

The mucous also encourages certain beneficial bacteria to grow on the surface of the polyp in small numbers. Oil spills, however, disrupt this balance. Oil collects and sticks to the polyp's surface, irritating the animal, which produces large quantities of mucous in response. The bacteria which grow in the mucous flourish, and attack the coral, eating them and leaving behind a grotesque black slime. Oil spills also can kill coral by depriving them of light or preventing oxygen

from entering through the surface of the ocean. Death to coral invariably results in the death of the ecosystem that the coral supports.

Coral is also destroyed directly by man. It is dredged up for use in building decorative sea walls and for manufacturing quicklime. It is also collected for sale to tourists. The tourist is, in fact a major predator on the coral ecosystem. Black coral is harvested in order to be sold to tourists because of its rarity and aesthetic value. Black coral however, is not found in large quantities so any removal of it from the ecosystem affects the viability of the black coral population. In addition obtaining black coral is very difficult as it is only found at depths greater than 100 feet, and dives to this depth often lead to debilitating embolisms or 'the bends'. The beautiful queen conch, *Strombus gigas*, is also collected for use in doorstops and soup. Similarly most of the Jamaican population of the starfish *Oreaster reticulatus* now decorate the walls of seafood restaurants around the world. Removal of large number of organisms disrupts the foodweb and often endangers the continuation of the species.

Man is affecting the well being of the coral reef ecosystem in Jamaica in many ways. Continuation of this trend will lead to destruction of this important and wonderful collection of life. Although the Jamaican government has instituted some conservationist laws, they are not sufficient to protect the environment. Hopefully something will be done in the near future in order to avert this disaster.



"I'm sorry, ma'am, but his license does check out and, after all, your husband was in season. Remember, just because he knocks doesn't mean you have to let him in."

The First Ever "Innis I Love You" Contest

Deadline: Valentine's Day

The Admissions Committee is working on a new brochure to send to highschools. We need new material: comments, photos, sketches, ideas. We want to emphasize our smallness, informality, athletic achievements...what else? This month we want written responses from students -

good paragraphs, witty remarks, quotable quotes.

The prize will be a box of chocolates and a kiss from Fuzz for the best paragraph, and the ten best submissions will be published in the Innis Herald. Try your hand!

Watch this space for the St. Patrick's Day Photo Contest. (The box for entries will be in the registrars office.)

Innis Semi-Formal

The Faculty Club



Saturday February 28 1987

Review

FILM



Mixed Emotions In The Bedroom

By John Hulton

The Bedroom Window is a suspense in the tradition of the master, Alfred Hitchcock, as its advertisement declares. Written and directed by Curtis Hanson, it also reflects the flash of T.V.'s prime time thriller.

We find nicely worked suspense, the wrongly accused innocent man, suspicious similarities between the film's criminal and judicial elements, and a decently fleshed out study of voyeurism. On the other hand we find routine camera work, exploitation of slick sexuality (partially justified by the film's central concerns), and a routine, action packed close.

Terry Lambert (played passably by Steve Gutenberg) is indulging himself in a fling with the boss's wife, Sylvia Wentworth (played skillfully by Isabelle Huppert), when she sees an attempted murder from his window. She successfully stops it with a scream. Later, hearing of a murder a half hour after within two blocks, she feels compelled to report her sighting. Terry avoids revealing the affair by heroically reporting it to the police as his own sighting. The white lie resolves their consciences and protects their reputations effectively, not quite.

Complications arise compelling our hero on a voyeuristic entree into an accused man's life he's sure is guilty. The consequences of lying and the need to take responsibility for one's action here complicate the voyeur theme.

The facts as well as our hero's observations implicate this man, and to alleviate his conscience Terry warns the police. The prosecution is then shown in low angle as he utters his self-righteous tones. Shortly before he twirls on the stairs with a "Woah baby!" at a slinky female shape. We are kept unsure of either side of this upcoming case.

The victim of the first assault, played by Elizabeth McGovern, enters Terry's life when she notices the connection between himself and Sylvia. The film reveals Sylvia's character more and more negatively. Opposed to Huppert's French seductress is McGovern's straight

talking American Woman. These feminine ideals are contrasted to suggest the illusion of one versus the reality of the other. Hitchcock's *Vertigo* comes to mind. Jimmy Stewart's obsession with Novak's wealthy beauty leads to his fall in this picture. Here Terry moves away from illusory beauty, revealing an increasing sensitivity during the transition.

This film's problem is that everybody seems suspect but everything is so neatly resolved by its end. The women the killer assaults are all exhibitionists and seem to ask for it. The characters on either side of the law have dubious motivations. Our hero gets involved in the crime in a rather suspect fashion. The death of Sylvia provokes a mixed reaction from us: she turns out to be such a bitch we feel she somehow deserved it. Then we have the manipulative high action close and heroically happy ending.

For Hitchcock enthusiasts some details are interesting. The film begins its climax at a flamboyant public spectacle (the ballet) reminding us of the symphony scene in *The Man Who Knew Too Much*. The same scene leaves a corpse in the blood-smeared hands of our innocent hero a la Cary Grant in *North by Northwest*. The voyeur theme of *Rear Window* is directly alluded to in many scenes.

More to do with technique, the first half of the film gives us close attention to details which accentuate well the tension of the protagonist's situation. Guided by these close-ups, the viewer's suspense is effectively built up, identifying him with the morally ambiguous position of the lead character. This character is hardly caught up in circumstances beyond himself when he becomes the prime suspect.

These touches seem to indicate a respect more for the attractive flash of the master than the subtle techniques of his thematic development. On its own it still proves a good entry; Hitchcock it ain't but for the suspenseful first half it's worth the ticket.

Who Is Bigger Thomas?

By Lesra Martin

Rarely today are major motion pictures produced dealing with serious, realistic issues — issues that produce thought instead of laughter. Action adventures such as *Rambo* and comedy dramas such as *Beverly Hills Cop* (the largest grossing comedy film ever) are the dreams of the Hollywood producers. Laughter and escape are certainly the rule of the day.

Against this trend is the recent film production *Native Son*. The producer certainly deserves credit for going against the mainstream. Gone is the comedy as well as the macho, violent, sexy hero/saviour. *Native Son* dramatizes real problems the continually plague society; namely racism and poverty.

However, despite good intentions, the film fails to capture the meaning, intensity and impact of Richard Wright's novel *Native Son*. Richard Wright took great pains — over 30 pages in the Introduction of his book — to identify and pinpoint Bigger's character. Bigger was the product of American oppression, of American black-white relations. He knew only to well what it meant to be oppressed. And he knew, too, how it felt to be hungry. In an overcrowded inner city ghetto of urban America, he and millions of others like him were forced to live in dilapidated, condemned buildings

with no heat or hot water, fighting off the rats and the roaches. Bigger wanted out. Such conditions inevitably instilled in him anger and resentment. He desired the control, the power, the right to freely decide his own fate. He wanted to be a man. But instead, the weight — the reality — of his life, of all that it meant to be black in America, came crumbling down on him. More than a victim of circumstances, he was a victim of history, 400 years of downright violence and hatred founded in ignorance and bigotry.

Unfortunately, the film takes too much for granted. It assumes that the viewer know and understands all the ramifications and dynamics of oppression and racism and their effects on the psychology of the victim. The film scrapes only the surface, portraying Bigger Thomas as simply a violent and angry troublemaker and ringleader. He vents his anger on an innocent white girl, who — despite her naivety about blacks and her patronizing attitude towards Bigger — really meant him no harm. For after all, her parents were even liberal do-gooders. While her death is clearly accidental, her killing is depicted as cold and cruel. Given different circumstances he may have killed her anyway; for, as he says, he "hated" her. And as the plot



develops, Bigger Thomas's character becomes less and less likeable, to the point where the viewer feel no empathy.

How irresponsible! There was nothing so simple about Richard Wright's Bigger Thomas. Richard Wright would object. And the silent, sophisticated eloquence with which Wright would have denounced such a production would ring loud and true. The reality is, Bigger Thomas was caught in a no-win situation. A black man could not be found in a white woman's bedroom! In this situation, Bigger reacted the only way he knew how. He had heard the echoes of rape many times before. He panicked! He feared! He reacted — a course of action created by American oppression. This has to be stated. Spelled out for all to hear.

Platoon: Realistic but Shallow

By Andrew Epstein

Platoon, the latest attempt by Hollywood to examine the Vietnam War, has a flaw of such magnitude that nary a filmmaker can view it without being influenced. The flaw is hype. The film is certainly not a bad one and in fact is extremely well crafted, but has trouble standing up to such *USA Today* pundits as "...RIVETING" or "...GRIPPING". Cast and crew are often quoted as saying that the film portrays the war from a "Grunts" eye view. To this end it is immensely successful.

The making of *Platoon* was a personal project for its writer/director, Oliver Stone. Stone has been a force within the Hollywood community for a number of years, most notably as a screenwriter (*Midnight Express*, *Scarface*) but recently as a director as well. This year's brilliant *Salvador* demonstrated that Stanley Joffe isn't the only director who can make quality agit-prop films. Stone states that this film is autobiographical, closely echoing his experiences in "The 'Nam". For Stone the making of the film was a cathartic process, allowing him to lay his past to rest.

A profoundly disturbing film,

Platoon is able to recreate the feelings of confused paranoia and claustrophobia which existed in the jungles. There is no hero in the traditional sense, as there is no plot to speak of. The film careens from one gut-wrenching sequence of terror and revulsion to another. Although a horribly violent film this is no slasher flick. Stone attempts merely to recreate as closely as possible his wartime experiences. The viewer sees the action through the mind of Chris (Charlie Sheen), a wealthy, educated boy who enlists in order to give his life direction.

By the time the film is half over, a narrative line seems to have coalesced in the increasing struggle between sergeants Elias and Barnes. This opposition is evident in a wonderful scene, which explains how a tragedy like the Mi Lai massacre can occur. Elias (William Dafoe) is symbolic of the spiritual, human side of man, while Barnes (Tom Berenger) is the bloodthirsty, bestial side, barely under control even at times of relaxation. The ensuing problematic arises as the company is polarized between these two with the war acting as a catalyst. By the end of the film Chris has

found that in wartime one must temper their humanity with an animal side in order to overcome the horror of the situation. As the film draws to a close, he philosophizes:

"Looking back now I can see that there was no enemy, we were fighting ourselves. The enemy was inside of us."

The concluding battle is easily the most intense scene in recent cinematic history. The audience is held totally spell bound, teeth and fists clenched through its entirety.

As with any film about the Vietnam War, *Platoon* will inevitably be compared to *Apocalypse Now*, and this comparison demonstrates the true strength of the film — its realism. Stone has opted to exclude maniacs in helicopters spouting phrases like "I love the smell of Napalm in the morning ..." and waterskiing soldiers for the sake of increased truth, and it results in a stronger film.

If the viewer can stomach the violence, *Platoon* can be a film with much to offer. Realistic enough to serve as a historical document, it is also a shockingly intense, if narratively shallow film.

This space can be
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BOOKS

Sounding The Iceberg, A Review

By Jim Shedden

Ex-Principal Dennis Duffy spotted a lack in Canadian literary criticism and filled it. With the success of books like *Kamouraska*, *The Temptations of Big Bear* and *The Wars* in the 1970's, Canadian historical fiction has become "impossible to ignore". Duffy's essay *Sounding the Iceberg* is an attempt to redress the lack of critical attention paid to such works as a genre.

Duffy notes that Canadian historical fiction has had a history of being popular and revered in its early days to being merely popular and, now, treated as serious fiction. The book is neatly divided into three eras roughly corresponding to those attitudes: pre-1900, 1900-1970 and the post-1970 era after the successes of the novels mentioned above.

After some very brief preliminary comments regarding the definition of historical fiction ("emphasizing overtly or implicitly the otherness of the past") and a note explaining that he will treat English and French Canada equally ("though not comparatively") Duffy digs right in to the first period. This period can be characterized as being romantic, a mode where one finds a mortal encounter with the supernatural. With the increasing secularization of the modern world, romance fiction has largely become, Duffy says (after Fredric Jameson), more concerned with how mortals deal with the supernatural in terms of the reality principle. Hence in Canadian romance fiction the hero confronts his (the hero's are all male) ancestry, empire, language and the wilderness itself. Ultimately, Duffy divides Canadian romantic fiction into two nationalist polarities: that originating from English Canada being the celebration of the rewards of a unified people; that originating from French Canada being the very fight for unity as protection against

enemy forces (the garrison mentality spoken of by Margaret Atwood in *Survival*). Just to be on the safe side, though, Duffy qualifies this polarity: "a perennial exception in almost any discussion of Canadian fiction confounds this neat polarity".

To clarify his point, Duffy goes right into a discussion of *Wacousta* by John Richardson. While the work is not traditionally seen as nationalist, it does deal with what Duffy calls "the central problem of the fiction we are examining: what is the proper response to the fact of the Canadian forest landscape?" In the French Canadian literature discussed after *Wacousta*, Duffy argues (persuasively) that, although the novels are invariably centred around the tribulations heterosexual coupling, at a level higher than the straightforward narrative the novels are concerned with cultural and political threats to the survival of French Canadian culture. In the works such as Gaspé's *Les anciens Canadiens* a conservative, one sees a vision of "a post-Conquest, Francophile elite as a model for the good society". The English-Canadian fiction discussed (including William Kirby's *The Golden Dog*) is striking in its contrast to French Canadian literature: the latter is protectionist, conscious of its unity being fragmented by foreign cultures; English Canadian literature sees the annexation of French culture as a good thing in itself. Unity is achieved through annexation. Still conservative in some respects, English Canadian romance novels also express a modernist will to power.

Works of the second, middle period are less idealist, aesthetically more realist. Thematically, Duffy sees less concern with warring nationalisms and renewed interest paid to an allegiance to "the

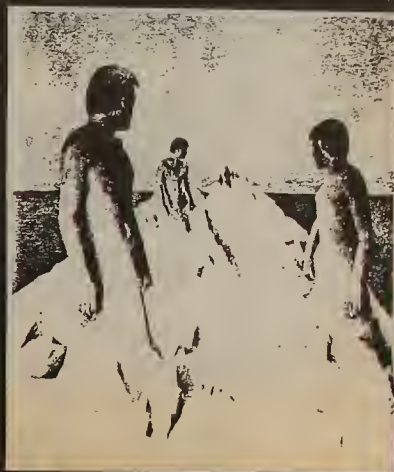
wilderness environment of the New World". Instead, then, of French and English Canada feuding, Duffy finds novels like Laure Conan's *La seve immortelle*, where Canada and France are presented as two contrasting nations. Conan, like many a French writer of the early twentieth century, moves from a "pietistic national vision to a secular one", expressed as a movement from allegiance to Old France to an allegiance to New France.

In a number of the middle period works dichotomies express themselves: modernization/tradition, historical time/myth etc. In novels like O'Hagan's *Tay John*, Duffy sees a "growing gift for locating the point where the myth touches us". One gets the impression that the most powerful of these novels present the dichotomies as violent, opposed, and sometimes unresolvable: Vaczek's *River and Empty Souls* has a hero who is torn between the harsh forest of Canada and the comfortable life as a feudal lord; Child's *The Village of Souls* though ultimately a novel of resolution, presents the difficult tensions between Old World and New World, the self and the wilderness and so on.

In the final chapter, Duffy begins with recognized modern works, critically acclaimed but, for Duffy's taste, misunderstood — their critics and defenders have not paid much attention to the historical mode the novels have been written in. The contemporary historical novel overlaps with a plurality of other forms: in the case of *Kamouraska*, the psychological; satire in Ferron's *Le ciel de Quebec*; and various postmodernisms in the cases of Leonard Cohen (*Beautiful Losers*) and one of Canada's most celebrated authors, Timothy Findley (*The Wars*). *The Wars* is especially of interest because it takes the writing

SOUNDING THE ICEBERG

An Essay on Canadian Historical Novels



DENNIS DUFFY

of history, and consequently the writing of historical fiction, as an issue in itself. The reconstruction of history from "the fragments left behind by participants", the role of the narrator, the relationship between fiction and history — these issues are foregrounded in the writing of *The Wars*.

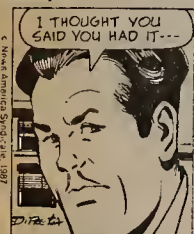
Ultimately, by providing an admittedly selective overview of the

historical novel in Canada, Duffy hopes to counter the prevailing opinion that "serious historical fiction does not yet form a prominent part of Canadian literature" (W.J. Keith, quoted by Duffy). His book accomplishes that by letting Canadian fiction speak for itself, suggesting a continuity that was hitherto ignored.

MUSIC

by Paul Della Penna

Well, it's 1987 and rock videos continue to exist. This is very disturbing. But if we follow the decade-long theory of rock history, this is the year of the great backlash, an event I'm particularly looking forward to. It may have just begun, as a matter of fact—Boston's *Amanda* shot to number one sans supporting video, a sure sign that the days of the beast are numbered—or, more realistically, a sign of something infinitely more terrifying to contemplate.



DURAN DURAN: Notorious. Thank God the cute ones are left. By the standards of opulence and excess established in their earlier celebrated forays, this is positively austere and minimalist—no doubt an attempt to reflect their new-found "maturity" and depth. Yeah, right.

HUEY LEWIS AND THE NEWS: Hip to Be Square

The song of the eighties — a rockin' little paean to reaction and Puritanism. But what's even worse, is the three minutes of close-ups on Huey's pretty-boy mug. "I'm workin' out almost everyday, and watchin' what I eat"—we're so proud of you Huey.

THE PRETENDERS: Don't Get Me Wrong

I have never personally forgiven Chrissie Hynde for *The Pretenders II*, and consequently anything I have to say about her music is invariably biased. This is a nothing-song and a nothing-video from a nothing-album and a nothing-band. What I want to know is, if she dies, will they still call it *The Pretenders*? (Also, is not Michael Hollett of NOW magazine, a colossal fuckhead?)

PAUL SIMON: Homeless
I don't like *Graceland*. There, I said it. All my credibility flushed down the drain. Kill me.

HOWARD JONES: You Know I Love You (Don't You)

Why do obviously gifted animators and video directors spend so much time and creative energy on shitty little songs. This video is really quite brilliant, I'm very impressed— but because I believe you are judged by the company you keep, all those talented, inspired craftsman involved can rot in hell for all eternity for all I care.

"THE BEATLES": Hard Day's Night

A beer commercial—blasphemy? It's certainly about time those over-rated Limey pinko-slimers were brought down to earth. This is the

corrosive demystifying power of post-industrial capitalism at its finest. Elegant and inventive, and hell, it makes me wanna have a brew— . Congrats all around.

GENESIS: World of Confusion

Ooooooo *Splitting Image* puppets!!! And they look just like the band members!!! Wow, that's neat! Too bad they sing just like them.

BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN: War

One has to admire the Boss for his attempt to redeem himself after the dreadful misinterpretation of "Born in the USA"— but only one, and certainly not me. All his recent videos (and let's face it, songs for that matter), are complete throwaways— sloppy, inept, and hardly the stuff of American Myth. Listen to how the audience cheers after everything he says in that dumb monologue. Bunch of fucking sheep.

BILLY IDOL: Got to Be a Lover

Here I am proven completely wrong. Everything I believe in, shattered mercilessly. This is rude, lewd, salacious, and thoroughly offensive— the perfect antidote to safe sex, scissor-happy censors, the "Say No to Drugs" campaign, and the agenda of the New Right. My faith restored by a stooped jerk.

PARACHUTE CLUB: Love is Fire

Poor John Oates. Reduced to producing a nowhere Canadian band, and teaming up for a cutesy duet with Lorraine Segato. Sorry John, but Darryl's much cuter.

I'm tired of doing this...



SCAT! IS COMING!

"Trite, Manufactured, Embarrassing"

by Jim Shedden

"I'm going to throw up now"
-- Young Man (Art Wilson),
Lolita, Act II, Scene 2

In his short essay, "On a book entitled *Lolita*", Nabokov comments that "there are gentle souls who would pronounce *Lolita* meaningless because it does not teach them anything. I am neither a reader nor a writer of didactic fiction." Instead, for Nabokov, "a

work of fiction exists only insofar as it affords me what I shall bluntly call aesthetic bliss."

In light of this, what can one say of Edward Albee's dramatic adaptation of *Lolita*? Well, it has no problem eschewing didacticism, but it hardly inspires anything near the state of "aesthetic bliss". Even a cursory reading of the play would reveal it as a very weak, facetious work. The public and the critics are

not always right, but when I heard that this play closed in New York after less than a week (in 1981), I wondered why the ICSS, in their first foray into theatre in years, would support such a project. Why would director Barbara Goslawski in her first directorial effort, choose such an (at least) controversial play?

I don't want this review to become a Nabokov/Albee comparison; on the other hand, it is quite conceivable that the central weaknesses of Goslawski's production lie right in Albee's work and so the comparison cannot *but* be made. In the novel, Nabokov is concerned with the amorality of style. It is possible, he implicitly argues, to write a book "about" a child molester and not do any of the following: make a "statement" about pedophilia, incest, rape, etc.; draw the reader into a psychological narrative, identifying with or loathing either of *Lolita* or Humbert Humbert; mesmerize the reader so that s/he is seriously concerned with the unfolding of the narrative (will HH get Lo?, will Lo tell on him? will she seduce him? will Charlotte find out? What then? Will he hang? etc. etc.). Albee, on the other hand, reduces *Lolita* to an unfolding of the narrative. Since he does this without making a "statement" and without making the audience sympathetic, the narrative is reduced to a facetious, trite, even juvenile story about an incestuous child molester. Except for the odd line taken from the novel, there is little pleasure in this text. The banal, predictable (every knows the *Lolita* story), even boring series of "events" are all that matter here.

What is tragic in Albee's adaptation of Nabokov is farcical when repeated at Innis. For example, while Albee takes

Nabokov's refined, gentlemanly, subtle Humbert and transforms him into a mad, tormented child molester, at Innis Humbert (played by the actually talented Chris Wentworth) is a parody of that, a drooling madman that would be utterly despicable if only the audience could give a damn. He screams when he could merely announce; stares directly at the audience when he should be lost in space; and gracelessly convulses when he could merely (and gracefully) collapse.

Other excesses. *Lolita* (played by Tania Trost) is a simpering airhead in Act I (although a sympathetic, if not pathetic, character in Act II). This is partially Albee's fault, obvious by his inclusion of a doll in the props which Lo is supposed to carry around. Goslawski (thankfully) drops this fatuous prop, but has her chewing gum, obnoxiously blowing bubbles, and being, essentially, a harmless brat. When she seduces Humbert later in the hotel room, it is entirely out of "character". An essential part of the amorality of Nabokov is that he has Humbert and *Lolita* equally seductive, consistently through the novel. Albee actually sets up two clear seducer/seducee oppositions in the play, albeit an opposition that shifts once or twice.

There are some obvious technical problems with *Lolita*. The music and special effects, written by Bill Whipple, are an obnoxious presence. Although this was an original score made explicitly for this production, much of it sounded like new age muzak, shifting somewhere between Vangelis and George Winston. Maybe, since the set is minimal, the off-stage annoyances could have been minimal too. I mean, did we really need to hear the

sound of doorbell ringing? Especially annoying was a moment when Albee calls for audience hisses and boos which, at Innis, is replaced with some repulsive electronic noises from somewhere in the rafters.

Other technical troubles. The set, being quasi-representative, achieved neither signification (it was not a bedroom, nor a hospital, nor a hotel) nor any abstract quality. Insofar as the set was not "functional" why was it so bland. Why the symmetry? Why the dull colours? The acting was no roaring hell but then again the characters were so insipid that one can hardly blame them. I think here especially of Art Wilson as a Young Man, Dave Sneddon as Albee's modernist, self-reflexive annoyance, A Certain Gentleman, the good ol' boys Dick and Bill (played by Kelly McKay and Scott McCrikard respectively) and Charlotte (played by Asha Danieri) who would have been fine, had she been bitchier and, again, less "sympathetic". The lighting was usually adequate (i.e., in this case, unnoticeable) although the odd spotlight seemed rather overbearing (some of these problems can, fairly, be blamed on the Innis Town Hall, which was not built as a theatrical stage).

Some high points: Tina Hardt as Rita, Katrina Wimmer as Annabel and Michelle Smith as Louise. Ellen Ladowsky would have been fine if she wasn't wearing high heeled dress shoes (a bit odd for a nurse).

All things considered, though, the mediocre performances and technical bad planning are minor problems when compared to the big one: that Albee's *Lolita* is a piece of garbage. The question remains: why did the rookie Innis theatre gang choose it then?



Reaney So Bloody Fine

by John Powers

The problem with epic artistic works of any sort is that execution usually lags behind creative ambition. The same is true of the Graduate Centre for the Study of Drama's recent production of James Reaney's Donnelly Trilogy: *Sticks and Stones*, *St. Nicholas Hotel*, and *Handcuffs*. Nonetheless, for all the shortfalls of the second and third productions, the decision to stage these difficult and important plays must be applauded.

Comparison of the plays is an unfortunate but inevitable critical necessity. *Sticks and Stones* fares best, both as a play, and as a production. Reaney encapsulates most of the Donnelly story within the play and privileges Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, literally archetypal figures: as Reaney says of the beginnings of the Donnelly story, "the Donnellys decide to become Donnellys." They carry the emotional weight of the opening play

and, as portrayed by two large pig-like creatures with huge tentacles protruding from their skulls, Nancy Copeland, and Gerry Fostaty, they offer strong portraits of the Donnelly character: stubborn, dignified, generous, even naive in their puzzled determination to refuse the determinism Reaney contradictorily imposes on them in the trilogy's highly theatrical structure. *Sticks and Stones* is the only play of the trilogy which features actors playing single roles; in addition to Mr. and Mrs. Donnelly, the characters of Will (Terry Coatta) and Jennie (Emer O'Flynn, in a bravura performance), are given space to develop psychological portraits Reaney denies later in the trilogy. (This is not a criticism of Reaney's theatricality; obviously, his formalist gestures offer both a relief from overly simplistic psychological tendencies in contemporary drama and provide a context or relief for the

emotional moments *Sticks and Stones* presents. And besides, it makes for fun-packed, gut-wrenching thrashing machine action.)

Prof. Michael Sidnell's expert hand too provided a strong hand in the direction of the first play. By attracting good actors and toning down Reaney's sometimes excessive use of props (eliminating the ladders and many of the "sticks and stones"), Sidnell captures the uniquely Canadian sense of mediated, epic, yet fish-like odor the play demands.

St. Nicholas Hotel, probably the weakest of the trilogy, captures some of the history of the Donnelly history, but never, under Bruce Kirkley's direction, meshes the naturalistic with the theatrical. Despite earnest performances from "leads" Robb "Will" Hunter (assured but posturing) and Crescence "Maggie" Krueger (the single unqualified superior performance), the cast's difficulty with the play's admittedly exact standards—including a chameleon-like ability to change roles, moods, and times—handicaps the effort. One suspects the short time span between plays (a mere two weeks) hampered the middle play as well.

Handcuffs is slightly better, mostly because it is a pay-off of the previous two plays, completing the action of the Donnelly massacre. The ensemble-playing Reaney has been moving towards in the three plays finally gels; Matthew Kerr's direction is to be complemented (even if some actors blew lines left and right). Nonetheless, the emotional and eerie elephants hovering in the wings crested a moving epithet to the Donnelly tragedy. A moving ending to a guisy and ambitious production of an influential and important Canadian theatrical work.

Fashion

By André Czegledy

For this issue's column, I have decided to refrain from discussing any particular design or designer, and instead, have drawn up my own little list of what should and should not be worn today. Keep in mind that all tastes are not similar and your opinions may well run completely contrary to mine. Of course, if you desire to run around in neon puke clothing then that's your business. This list is short, but next time . . .

What's Hot: Men

Shaving. Because something has to separate us from the animals.
Plain watches which tell the time
- and nothing else

Plain, quality leather watch bands. Because wearing the skin of near extinct water animals does not indicate intelligence.

Sending red roses to a woman

you only just met. Because all gentlemen are incurable romantics at heart.

What's Not: Men

Clothing with the name of any institution or association which you are not associated with

All-black or gray toned dressing. Unless you are in mourning.

Very brightly coloured suits. Because a gentleman is not a signal beacon.

Hallucinogenic drugs. They only impress other addicts.

Thinking too much about fashion.

Next issue: What's Hot What's Not: Women

(I'll bet we get a flood of mail over this one -Ed)



Film Crossword

By

Puzz And Jim

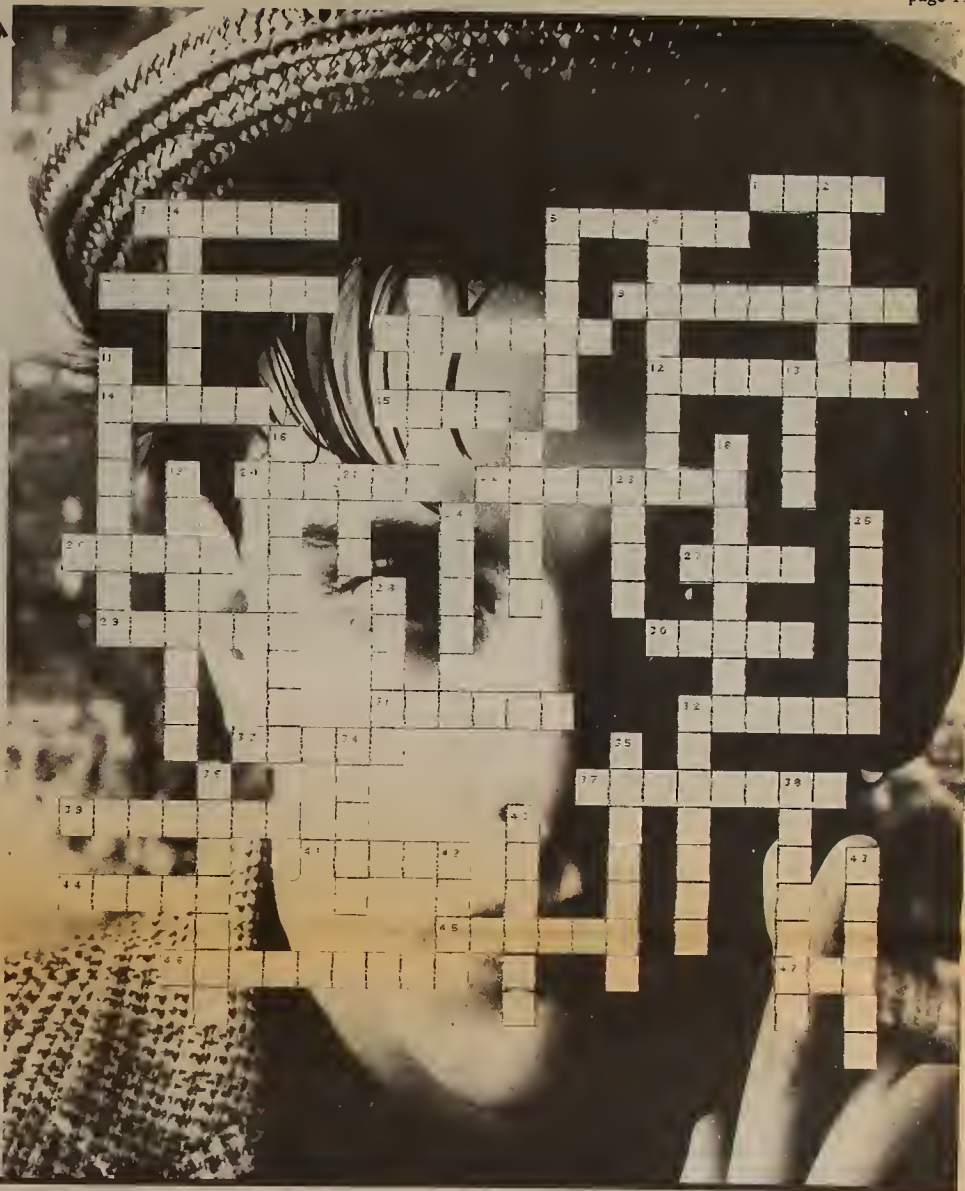
Across

1. Has geese in Eaton's Centre
3. Nosferatu's second director
5. Left bank documentarist
7. Whose diary?
9. Cineplex boss
10. Ex-inniste, now in Hollywood
12. Both Hawks and De Palma made it
14. Hollywood Babylon chronicler
15. Influenced Fassbinder
20. Forbidden Planet's robot
22. Second in Hawks' western trilogy
26. British autist journal
27. French cinema-semiotician
29. Wrote original screenplay for Huston's Freud
30. Nastassia's dad
31. Painter's son
32. Did wine commercials
33. Godard wrote a letter to her
37. Experimented with Muzhukin's face
39. German S&M director
41. Cahiers du cinema patriarch
44. Played modesty blaise
45. Griffith's cameraman
46. Warhol's sidekick
47. Not Nicholas, not Satyajit but

Down

2. Famous steps
4. Famous British studio
5. Ophuls junior
6. Ford inspired this Japanese filmmaker
8. Attempt at spontaneous documentary
11. French film archivist
13. Beckett's film
16. Earth's maker
17. Played Freud
18. The gulp girl
19. NFB founder
21. The it girl
23. Loed-Leopold murder
24. Famous acidhead filmmaker
25. French film festival
28. Quebecois affected by Alzheimer's
32. Filmed Valliere's lips
34. Wrote Hiroshima, mon amour
35. Louis & Auguste
36. Gave scholarship to U of T
38. Rarely used special effect
40. Spinning top's last name
42. Directed The Thing
43. Nosferatu's first director

PRIZES: Free admission to all remaining film society events this term. Awarded for first correct puzzle submitted to Jim Shedden



Pizza, Jesus, and Boiled Vegetables

By Eugene Ripper

Keep the cameras rolling cause ya never know....

"My son do you believe in Jesus?", she said. I turned my head, looked down into the benevolent glaze of her evangelistic gaze. "Say what? Look Ma'am I'm trying to make a rock video... I have no time to question the meaning of life?"

"Son! You need a bridge to cross the troubled waters of the obviously turbulent river of your mind". She spied my dragon T-shirt that I had bought in Kensington Market earlier that morning. "Son you can't believe in Jesus if your wearing that shirt!", she said.

"Ma'am", my reply was cut short by a twisted vamp in a white dress who had been following the production team as we moved down Yonge Street capturing snippets of urban landscapes on 16mm film.

"OOOOOOOOOO" she cooed: "Give me the guitar I'll show you how to do it." With that she gave a little of the old grind rotating her hips toward my director who was sitting in the passenger seat of our motion picture mobile unit. "Hey! Things seem to be getting a little out of hand Let's boost!" he said.

So we were off leaving behind one bible thumper and one sex crazed jumper to continue their

existence without our resistance, just outside the Eaton's Centre in Toronto.

"Man O man Leonardo, anything can happen when ya mix cameras Rock and Roll, and the streets of a city!" I said.

"That's right Eugene, but remember if anyone asks, we are making video don't mention the word film at all. Gotta keep the myth alive ya know?" he said.

"Wait a minute Leo, I'm not sure I understand."

"It's simple Eugene. All this talk about this rock video revolution is rather misplaced and misdirected. Dang media types haven't seemed to clue in on the fact that 95% of the so-called videos are not videos at all. They are films — celluloid creations."

"Holy shit Leo. So we aren't making a video at all... we're making a Rock film."

"That's right Eugene."

Learn to like the rain— What the hell does the rain have to do with making a rock video? ... er, film — nah! video

Everything! An independent artist making a rock video must be prepared to be drenched in a thunderstorm of circumstance:

Proposals, brainstorming, storyboards, outlines, revisions, film stock, lights, camera, action, gaffers, grips, goldfish, soundsync

playback units, weather, permits, transportation, art direction, locations, exteriors, interiors, posteriors, make up, fuck ups, blow ups, extras, musicians, props, set design, tape transfer, editing and directors.

It's the strange but true world of rock and roll merged with the wacky world of filmmaking — Bring an umbrella Bucko!

Don't understand the Peace of Pizza

"Fun, action, sweat, boys, girls, guitars that go chunka chunka,

drums that go boom, rhythm, melody, Fred Flintstone and pizza!" — an attitude

OK OK most videos are boring — stale indulgences of shallow concepts and tired and worn out techniques. However, the timid state of the rock video medium means opportunity for the new artist. Opportunity to get your attitude across through an audio visual medium. Sooooo order a pizza, take a walk in the rain and get a focus on your vision. If you feel you can't get a grip on an attitude, well

hmmm, I suggest a new career. Perhaps with IBM or the progressive conservative party.

Don't be a jerk — it's the waiting game.

I was excited. The production was finally ready to be edited. The fine craft of condensing 2 days of shooting into 2 and a half minutes of video. Yes siree, it was time to hold all calls, get into the trenches, roll around in the mud and address the nitty-gritty grind of transforming raw footage into a finished product.

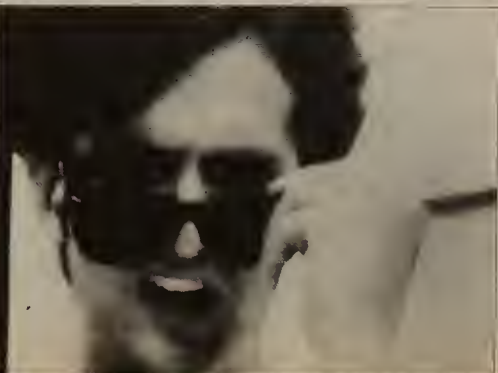
I was ready. Visions of my role in the process rocked through my cranial cavity — working hand in hand with the technician, sitting in the back of the room, offering suggestions and criticisms, engaging in lively discussions with my director about possible edits Seeing my ship into port Editing technology of an on-line editing system, into my future.

The phone rang. It was my director Leonardo Leonardo.

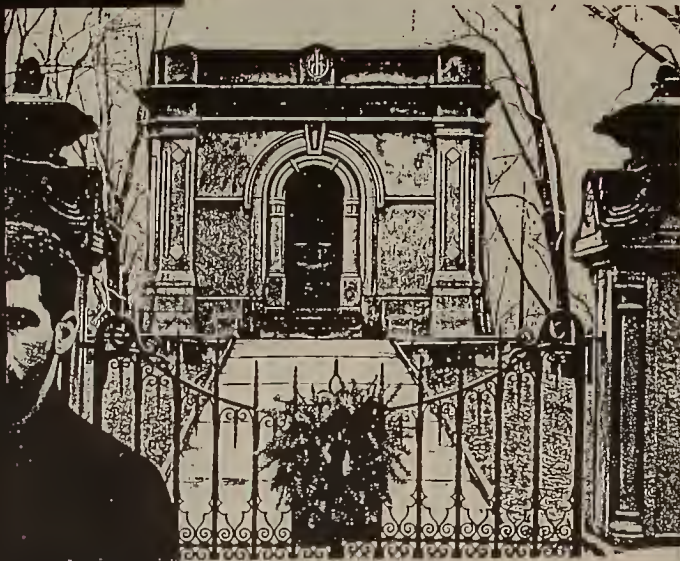
"Hi Eugene. Uh listen ... I'd really prefer if you didn't come to the editing suite!"

"But why director of mine — I just wrote a couple of paragraphs romanticising about being there"

"Well Look at it this way Eugene, I don't want the water to boil over before the veggies get cooked."



INNIS FILM PRESENTS —



JANUARY 29

INNIS TOWN HALL, INNIS
COLLEGE, 2 SUSSEX AVE. FOR MORE INFORMATION
PHONE JIM SHEDDEN AT 978 7463 OR 978 7023.

thanks to ontario arts council, icss
Innis college

BRUCE ELDER ON:

'THE DEATH OF A CANADIAN ART MOVEMENT'

SCREENING:

anna gronau's
1986 film

The Vlad. Scene

By Steven Straub

Vladimir House. It is more than just a house with 32 rooms. It is a house with a soul, with a heart. It is alive.

From the time one glances up at the winking front window lights, traipses up the toothy, steps, goes in through the cavernous mouth, steps onto the lolling carpet and peers down the long corridor one will clearly see that the life-blood, which keeps Vlad alive is its inhabitants. Over the sounds of Springsteen, Joel, televised football, and the clack of typewriter keys you will hear the healthy heart beat and see the vibrant life of Vladimir House.

It is amazing that just 42 blood cells can keep this academic organism alive. Each blood cell has his/her unique own character, which forms the overall character of the house.

Lorraine "Olivia" Pigg, who I think would kill me if I revealed her age but, "we're not sure". She seems persistent in maintaining last year's nickname of Quiche rather than accepting Olivia. You kill me Olivia! (Let's get physical physical).

Dave "the Jew" White, who is not seen without his Indiana Jones hat, will probably be in his grave by the time the sad Bo-Sox make another appearance at the World Series. His roommate Jason "No-Show" Green is the guy who signs up for everything; shows once and then is never seen participating again.

Mark "Pansi" Parisotto and Sally "Boss" Kerwin are the hot item of the house. Boss does a fantastic job except when she helps a certain writer tumble over in his chair. Pansi, who's dreams are either a) playing football for the Dallas Cowboys b) joining Hulk Hogan in a tag-team match VS Cowboy Bob Orton and Macho Man Savage c) to eventually replace Stallone in Rambo

VI, can be found practicing his violent habits on Sina "Bombay" Gandhi, Amy "Amykins" Templin, Jillian "Gnu" Matte and Meris "Cleo" Williams. Kerry "Cub" Piccolotto usually happens to be meandering around and helps Pansi tag-team these helpless girls. The girls are usually sorry they ever met up with the "Italian Connection".

By the way Bombay is dangerous with an elastic band, Gnu is the meanest Varsity hoop player, Cleo is a kickin' model and Amykins is the one who copies sex positions from her manual.

Read this with a rap beat in mind
Adrian Dhalla is the dude with all the rap.

He walks around in pro-crastination

The sad thing is he's late for examinations

People don't realize it's just large age gap!

Homeboy Dhalla is seen playing tennis with his roommate Asa Copithourne ... after he answers all of his phone messages that is. Speaking of phone, Wayne "Clint" Bell knows this instrument very

intimately. John "Mr. Stevenson" Steveoson is Clint's roommate and he always seems to cook one of the tastiest meals in the house (in his bare feet of course). William Liang also cooks some of the best meals in the house, while he's reading up on Aristotle.

Martha "Muffler" MacEachern is the expert volleyball player on the house (thanks for the spiking instruction) while Jill Gourley is a very good skater. Rhonda "Help Me" Taylor (Arlette Fuchs tell us what all those Taylors of Duran Duran fame told you at the airport) is a good volleyball player but, she also is on the Varsity skating team. She is also somewhat of a comedian (wink wink nod nod). Vlad has two other comedians in Mike "Rambo" Teasdale and Ken "Couch Potato" Sarnier. Mr. Sci-Fi himself, Mike, handles a seven-quazar light probe laser uzi with all the skill and savageness of Rambo (Arrrg). Couch Potato, noted for vehemently saying "Greenbay is my toilet" and has an aural serial entitled, "Floyd Remick and the Amazon Brain Suckers" seems to always come up

with those memorable one liners (and why not, he received a whole box of them from his Secret Santa). One thing I've always wanted to ask Ken is if he really orders a month's shipment of Cherry Coke from 7-11 in advance?

Tim "Sickly" Hutto who is living proof of the statement "That which does not kill us makes us stronger", is the Remington Steele of Vlad ... you know "The Conqueror, John Wayne, RKO, 1955". Sickly obtained an Athletic Centre sticker on his student card for the first time. Maybe he can join William. William Fountain can be found wearing out a hoop with continuous and graceful slam dunks.

Pam "Jam" Fossen, who always has alcohol in her hot hands is rumoured to be wanting to take over next year as the new "Boss". Her roommate Alcoa "Banana" Villeneuve is the only girl who ever stands up to the Italian Connection's terrorism (while she's not in the shower with Mr. Stevenson). And hey Banana where's my Conductor glass?

Tracie "Sarge" Homewood is Vlad's soon to be cop (she also dodges snowballs pitched at her window). Shanti "Aretha" Fernando can be seen in some arresting positions with Cub Piccolotto in Rm 102. She also dances to *Freeway of Love* in the most wildest and primal body movements known to man. Carmela Calderone, we have to get you some I.D. so you can join the crowd at the various campus pubs (apply for your drivers license or something).

Paul "The Philosopher" Collins is noted for taking up the opposition of any argument. We don't hear any arguments from Athena Tsui as she is not to be seen during the day. There was no arguments over Theresa Wright and Falin "Terrorist" Grigorian for their thoughtful supervision of Christmas presents

for Maria (Vlad's excellent house cleaner).

Ellen "Womang" Gazzola can be found trying to bash in the locked door of Rm. 102, to inform Cub that there is a telephone call from his dad. The only problem is that he has his headphones on and tunes are blasting. (what's it like sleeping on all those milk cases?). Talking of doors, you can usually count on Sigali "Yenta" Balshine ringing the front doorbell and by the time someone answers it she remembers that her key is in her pocket after all.

Anthony "Ace" St. George is enrolled in a lifetime acting performance of his own life (Oh, turn out the lights darling. It's cold!) Someone, who we're not sure is acting or not is Robbie "Little Boy Blue" Rose.

The Terrorist is able to distinguish between Steve "Yellow" Adamson and Steve "Browo" Infuso this year. While everyone in the house can distinguish it's 43rd resident: Bob. He is Suzanne Seet's boyfriend.

Deniz Hocaoglu you shouldn't be taking all of that abuse. When Sarah abuses the spirits a little she just fall asleep in the washroom. But Mona you are never going to live down the abuse you inflicted on poor Gnu.

Murray "Swervin" Mervin" Lindsay is the striving author of Vlad and, hopes that soon he will crack the published market (how's the arcade going?).

All in all Vlad is quite lively. Future ideas roaming the mice infested halls are a steak barbeque on Dave's hibachi. A ghetto-blaster war between the first and third floor at 9 Sunday morning to see which floor can wake up the entire second floor. Homeboy Dhalla hopes to organize the first annual Vlad Tennis Tournament. Finally, a challenge is out to see who can shave half of Pansi's moustache off (are you really a light sleeper?)



INNIS WINTER P R O G R A M M E

THURSDAY, JANUARY 8, 7:00 PM
AMERICAN EXPERIMENTAL FILM BY:
HOLLIS FRAMPTON
OWEN LAND
PAUL SHARITS

THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 7:00 PM
westerns
western gothic
THE MAN WHO SHOT LIBERTY VALENCE
HEAVEN SCAPE

TUESDAY, JANUARY 20, 7:00 PM
CANADIAN FILM canadian landscape
featuring works by SANDY WILSON, PHIL
HOFFMAN, snow, lundman, MAYSLES &
STEVEN DENURE chris lowry will be
present

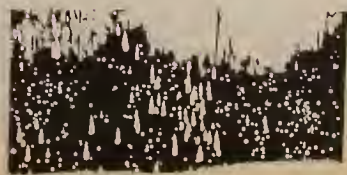
THURSDAY, JANUARY 29, 8:00 PM
BRUCE ELDER ON THE DEATH OF A CANADIAN
ART FORM. with 'REGARDS'

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 7:00 PM
CHRIS GALLAGHER
with
the toronto premiere
of his
UNDIVIDED ATTENTION

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 7:00 PM
PETER GREENAWAY'S THE FALLS

ALL SCREENINGS IN THE INNIS TOWN HALL, INNIS
COLLEGE, 2 SUSSEX AVE. FOR MORE INFORMATION
PHONE JIM SHEDDEN AT 978 7463 OR 978 7023.

ALL SCREENINGS \$2.00 FOR THE WHOLE NIGHT.
thanks to ontario arts council ,icss ,
innis college & sac



Sport

Jerkoffs Squander Playoffs

By Dave Clegg

For the second consecutive year the ebb has come too soon for Innis College's Crimson Tide football team. But Innisites need not be dismayed, for despite the semi-final loss to arch rival and eventual champion Trinity College, the Tide in a year of transition proved itself highly competitive.

After suffering a humbling season opening loss to a vastly improved New College team, the Tide rededicated itself and went on to post four wins, to tie for first place in regular season play. Those victories featured back to back shutouts against Dentistry and Medicine of 15-0 and 16-0 respectively. In the fourth week of the season Innis met undefeated Trinity College.

Everyone who was a spectator oo that day must agree that the Tide completely dominated in all aspects of the game and won convincingly by a final score of 17-1. Having played in every game in the Tide's history I can without reservation say that this victory over Trinity was the finest performance ever. The defense dominated Trinity's offense, giving the Tide's offense good field position time and again. A Herculean effort by RB Mike Hugo spearheaded a relentless attack that Trinity could not slow. The game was best epitomized by its very last play when with the outcome long decided a Trinity punt returner was leveled by a jarring Richard Lautens tackle that typified the Tide's tenacity (*Arggh Ed*).

Having dominated Trinity so completely three weeks before, the

large and enthusiastic Innis supporters at the semi-final loss wondered aloud, and rightly, just how such a reversal could be possible. As coach ultimate responsibility must lie with me.

If the reasons for the loss are to be found anywhere they are to be found on the practice field. No one should question the desire and intensity of any member of the team during the game. An incredible goal line stand in the dying seconds of the first half and the fact that no less than four players required medical attention in hospitals bear witness to the effort put forth.

Individually the heroics of Vic Chiasson who played a career game, and Scott Nichol who played nearly the entire game on a badly damaged knee are further proof of the effort put forth. With the exception of a few unfortunate mental lapses that occur to the best of teams, the Tide played as they had previously. Where the team failed, and I hope ultimately will have learned the most from the experience, was on the practice field.

Afforded the luxury of two weeks to ready itself for the semi-final, the team squandered much of the opportunity. Football above all sports, particularly in the context of the intramural program, is a team game. The team requires unity and dedication from each member to be successful. The team is not that group of core players that a coach can always count on; the team is the sum of all its parts.

Only to practice does the team improve. To improve in practice



requires the desire of every member to make an honest effort to attend practice and not just those core players. Watching Trinity that day of the semi-finals and comparing it to the team beaten only weeks previously it was obvious that the Trinity team had greatly improved itself on the practice field. The price of success in football does not come cheaply and should never be underestimated.

If the team of next year can profit from the experience of this season, then Innis has reason to expect great success. The team renewed itself with the addition of many first time players: outstanding among this group were Greg Sutton, Jim Risk, Marc Parisotto, Alex Russell and

Bruce Tarr. I would like to acknowledge the special efforts of Darby, Chuck, Andy and Paul for being there when no one could expect them to be (if you know what I mean). I would especially like to thank Simon Cotter, Tom Vaivada and Richard Lautens in helping to coach and organize the team, and Mike "what's may last me today" Hugo for coming back one more time.

The team would like to acknowledge the following MVP's: Offense: Mike Hugo, Defense: Scott Nichol, Lineman: Peter Winberg.

The 1987 Crimson Tide will need your support and participation, as always the only prerequisite is desire.

Co-ed Athletics



By Andre'a Czeglennox

Coeds

Bruce says: Let's co-habitate!

Vicky says: Huddle-up!

Andre says: Yahoo, let's get physical!

Andrea says: Would I lie to you?

Coeds Notes

Upcoming activities:

Basketball
Curling
Tennis
Badminton

Upcoming events:

Staff/alumni vs Students Game
The Nummies game



Men's Athletics

By Bruce Tarr

What are YOU going to do for exercises when your body is no longer able to take bone-crushing tackles? What are YOU going to do for recreation when bingo and shuffleboard seem like the best alternatives? What are YOU going to do for a social life when the Innis Pub doesn't offer special discounts to seniors? Have you thought of ANY of this?

Fortunately for you, your Innis Athletics dept. has. Your answer to all of the above questions, and more, lies with this one word. Curling. Curling is social. It is one of the few sports where men and women can compete at a very close level. Curling is fun. The winning team usually buys drinks for the losing team. The losing team usually buys the second round. After that, it's whoever gets to the beverage cooler first. Finally, contrary to popular belief, curling is exercise. One 10-ed curling game, lasting approximately two and a half hours, is as aerobically strenuous as an hour of hockey, a mile long run, or 673 games of shuffleboard

(including the walks from end to end).

Aside from all of this, what I especially enjoy about curling is the strategy. Often called "chess on ice", curling is one of the few sports that combines athletic ability with brainpower. More often than not a "smart" team will win over a technically proficient one.

How much would YOU pay for an opportunity to learn this game? But wait. What if I told you that the use of the ice is included and that all necessary equipment will be provided? NOW how much would you pay? But that's not all. You will also be provided with 1/2-1 hour of instruction, followed by a chance to play the game of curling, a demonstrator sport for the 1988 Winter Olympics. All of this can be yours for the low cost of \$0.00. That's right! NOTHING! Just because you're an Innis College student (male or female). The date for this evening is Saturday Jan. 31. It will be held at the Lambton Golf and Country club. For more information or to sign up, see me of the men's bulletin board.

Hey, Want To Win An Award?

By Vicky Zelins

The Athletic Banquet is on March 20, 1987. Anyone who participated in a sport at Innis this year, is invited. Tickets will be sold this year at a minimal price.

At the banquet many awards for each team are given out — MVP, most improved player, rookie of the year etc. But, these are not the only awards. Each tournament or team that one plays for, earns points towards an Innis letter, mug and plaque. For men 100 points earn a letter, 225 a mug and 450 a plaque. The points are lower for the women due to the more limited number of teams available and the lower group classifications. For women, 80 points are needed for a letter, 175 for a mug and 325 for a plaque.

Point sheets will be available after Feb. 1, 1987 from athletic reps, who can also aid in filling them out. Forms should be turned in to an athletic rep for verification. Please try to return your completed form as quickly as possible to help minimize the administrative nightmares of the athletic reps.

Innis Looking For Sweep Of Reed And Parks

By Vicky Zelins

It looks like Innis may win. Not many people are aware that each team entered into the Intramurals program earns points towards the T.A. Reed (men's) or Marie Parks (women's) Trophy, but we do. Standings are calculated on the number of wins, regular season ranking, playoff position and final league standings of each individual team. There are, however, pitfalls which must be avoided at all costs - defaults.

The women hold a slim 7 point lead in Div. 3 while the men, who won last year, are in third place for

the T.A. Reed award in Div. 2. If both teams manage to avoid any further defaults then a sweep in both categories is possible.

The dividing of the colleges into different divisions depends on the number of teams the college enters. With continued participation by the existing teams and increased participation to the various tournaments, both the men and women will rank highly in the final standings. We do not encourage intramurals merely for the glory of win/loss. However, if and when we do win we take pride in our teams and every individual's effort.

Tubular

By Cathy Lyall

Co-ed inner-tube waterpolo had a remarkably short season this year. But, not short enough for our Innis team as demonstrated by the altogether lousy turnout at the final game. We managed to have fun despite our lacking numbers and, in the spirit of the season, a few awards are in order.

To Robert Kovacs goes the most dedicated player award. He was the only player to show up for all the games and to not lose spirit against even PHE's rivalry, David Morris receives the award for the most valuable player. He was the only one among us who had a strategy and tried to stick to it.

Mike Zryd was the most polite player, refusing to dunk opponents even when they deserved it. To myself, I give the "Who wanted to

play this game in the first place" award, and, justly so, for dragging you poor suckers into the pool to be humiliated like that. Maybe next year...



Innis Parties

Feb 13 in the Pub, in Conjunction With the Innis Talent Night Show/Party starts at 8pm
For More Information Contact Cassie Rivers At 978-7368

Men's Rugby Wins Championship

By Andrew Liebmann

In this corner we have the defending champion and first place New College rugby squad. In the far corner we have the newcomers: Innis.

New had built up a solid team of veterans, with several championships under their belts; they had a strong bench and nifty uniforms.

Innis formed its first rugby team last season and was often lucky not to default (sometimes not lucky enough). This year there was a sufficient, but not overwhelming turnout; and there were no uniforms—not even an attempt at colour coordination.

So who would you pick for the division champs this year? Innis of course!

After a strong season capped by playoff wins against Forestry and then Law, our hard working squad went into the finals looking for a decent showing. The few veterans we had were frankly surprised the side had done so well, and attributed our success to hard hitting and lots of hustle. Despite all the effort of the promising Innis rookies, the skilled and experienced New team was expected to be very tough.

As it turned out, our hard work, improved scrum, and desire to win

were enough to beat out the fancy plays and individual talent of the New Squad.

As was usual for our games, the score was very low. A 6-4 win in rugby is very close — similar to a 7-3 win in football.

Because of our style of play and the problems we had punching through to the end zone, this score does not tell the whole story of the game.

After a scoreless first half, which showed the 2 sides quite even New managed to get on the scoreboard with a drop kick from line-out by Clive "The Ringer" Elkin. Since they had not been able to score any honest tries, they did the wise thing and got some points.

Unfortunately for them, this merely inspired the Innis squad to more intense effort, and Innis wing Roger Cattell soon broke through for an Innis try. Peter Bonnell then made the well set up conversion, and Innis was in the lead for good.

While we are losing the players voted "Best Forward" (Captain Richard Marcovitz) and "Best Back" (veteran Mich Chang), our strong corps of returning younger players promise an exciting season next year. We even have our own nifty sweaters now.

Men's Hockey On The Boards

By Alex Russell

It was a crushing loss. With 15 seconds remaining in the game, the Div. II Innis Flames watched in horror as New College knocked in their 6th goal of the night. Only minutes before, the Flames had relinquished a 5-4 lead and the loss could mean elimination from playoffs for the spirited (if somewhat unorganized) squad. The Flames record now stands at 4-5-1 with at least 2 games remaining in the regular season schedule. It will take at least 1 victory for the Flames' playoff hopes to stay alive.

The team entered the game enjoying a 3 game winning streak, but was unable to capitalize on a veritable cornucopia of scoring chances. Captain Bruce Tarr in particular seemed unwilling to take advantage of his scoring opportunities, perhaps from an unwillingness to demoralize the opposition. In fact, the whole team showed considerable concern for the New College squad and seemed eager to offer them their first win of the season. The Innis Flames, it must be admitted, are a fine group of humanitarians.



Rumour has it that the Flames might actually be entertaining the idea of having a practice sometime this month. Obviously though, this will have to be seen to be believed.

Rob Stanley (the team's leading scorer) has been the team's most consistent performer, with

honourable mention going to the speedy Art Hanks.

This reporter sees hope that Stanley will be challenged for the scoring crown, although by whom remains to be seen. Come out to the Flames' remaining games to find out.



Screaming Volleyball

By Andrea Lennox

The Screaming Beagles are at it again. Played over 2 terms, the Beagles had a slow start this season finishing first term with a 0-4 record. After a revitalizing break, the team came back prepared to win.

And win they did! Now holding an 8-4 record, this team is on its way to the top. Always one of the more respected women's teams, the Beagles have once again shown the mettle they're made of. The veterans (Martha, Andrea & Laurie) and the more than promising rookies

(Kelly, Jenny, Sally, Amy &) are proving to be a winning combination.

Unfortunately, injury has struck. At press time, the team is anxiously awaiting the doctor's diagnosis on Co-Captain Co-Coach Martha's injured thumb. The injury occurred on a recent ski trip. The team is hoping for a speedy recovery as her talents and support are both vital.

As always, the Beagles welcome all fans to their games. Watch the bulletin boards for details.

Innis Coffee House

Friday February 13
8 P.M.

Song Comedy Drama

Master of Ceremonies Art Wilson

Tickets \$3.00
Party To Follow

Fully Licensed



FUZZ SAY

This Years
Spring Colours Are
Just Too Dreamy

All Staff Students and Alumni
Are Invited To the Annual
Innis College Alumni Association
Skating Party. Jan 30 7 pm
at Nathan Phillips Square

Followed by Drinks and Dessert at
the Movenpick Restaurant at 9 pm

For More Information Contact
Audrey Perry At 978-4332

Innis College Writing Lab

Purpose: To teach you how to write better, no matter how well or poorly you write.
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Three experienced tutors work in the Writing Lab:

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— Roger Greenwald
— Roger Riendeau

What we do, what we don't

We will:
— work with you, at any level, on whichever areas you may seek or need improvement in: planning, organization, focus, logic, word choice, sentence structure, punctuation, paragraphing, documentation, tone, style

— try to improve your ability to revise your own work
— give you an overall opinion of (but not an estimated grade for) any completed assignment
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We will NOT:
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Realize that we are here to help YOU, whether you're shaky or confident, whether you fear writing or enjoy it.

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Down With ICSS fun

By Richard Morley
* A brief on **SPiRiT** concerning the misunderstood situation of certain students who, having inherited **POWER** from a radical breed, contradicted their benefactors' expectations by being **PERVERSELY UNHAPPY**.

Gloss:

SPiRiT.

I don't know what this means. Please don't misunderstand me; I have listened to spirit boosters talk about apathy, involvement participation, fun, involvement, activities, and the supposed importance of these slippery factors in determining the level of spirit in the student body.

POWER.

I know what this means. As members of the most open and fundamentally democratic student society, Innis students may levy whatever fee they will, allot it to whatever programmes they believe to means to satisfying their desires and direct its disposal to the penny. The responsibility for our satisfaction lies on our heads. But what means have we chosen? But what means have we chosen? A quick romp through this year's I.C.S.S. budget shows that about one half is spent on 'fun' events. Do 'fun' events foster spirit? Does the semi-formal, the homecoming parade, the big bus, or any of the parties make a lasting imprint on the college? Do they make us more of a college community than an evening at the Brunswick or some night-long jag funk in some garret? If the social, athletic banquet, and orientation budgets do not fund powerful and memorable experiences, then they are a \$14,935.43 indulgence in fantasy — a fantasy about spirit.

DESIRE.

I believe that this year's movers and shakers earnestly desire for all of us to have fun, just as they have fun with their friends. I believe they want to share their enjoyment with all of the rest of us. That is why, over a four year career in college, your average spirit booster will watch \$112,000 spent, much of it on 'fun'; they will have a good time with their friends and they will leave this place with a profound sadness that they were unable to make fun for the rest of us who wouldn't participate. Let there be no misunderstanding of what I say: I like fun, but people will see to their own fun. were there sentiments of

academic community among the students, the fun would follow its own accord; any attempt to create a self-sustaining community by dancing will last about as long as the music plays (sometimes not even that long).

PERVERSELY UNHAPPY.

I think we have bitten on to the Engineers' myth that, since school is not fun, we must try not to think about it amongst ourselves outside of class. We then see Engineers having lost of fun and think, "look how much fun those Engineers are having: all that fun must really create spirit and bring them together". This is wrong! Engineers talk about leaving thoughts of school behind at the end of the class day precisely because this is what they would most like to be able to do but can't. Engineers talk about never talking about school with each other while they're having fun precisely because 90% of the time they talk amongst themselves, they must talk about school. In other words, the attitude towards academics that they profess is precisely what they must not do. The fun they have once a week is not the cause of their community, but the symptom. Because school is humiliating, hard work, and intense, and because Engineers depend on each other for their sanity, they have more fun together than we do. (and sometimes they'll even talk about school at parties).

THE STORY.

In contrast to (Engineers, Foresters, Nurses, Meds. and Geologists) the Arts and Science undergraduate experience is lean pickings for hungry minds. The most important goal of college must be to bring the students' diverse appetites together that they may feed off each other; usually this starts with speech which leads to the academic stuff (reading, writing, experimentation), then fun.

Next Issue: Everything you wanted to know about collegiality, but were afraid to ask me my opinion on (because maybe you thought I'd ramble or blither or ...) (or maybe we just don't care — Ed.)



We still hate The New Edition